The Relief Society Magazine

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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"Faith of Our Fathers"

Christie Lund Coles

"But what," I asked, "of the children?
How did they fare,
On the long trek in the
Sun's relentless glare?"
He nodded quietly, "I think
Each had an angel's care."

"But what did they, on the long miles,
Find to do?"
His smile was sweet, remembering,
"Why, they laughed and played
As children always do."

"Yet, the *little ones*, tired, fretful,
Across the desert's dun?"
I watched his worn hands, touching:
"Heaven has special solicitude
For a *little* one."

"But what . . ." I paused, "of those who died,
Buried in unfamiliar sod?"
His eyes were far away, and sure,
He murmured, "Why . . . but they . . . of course,
They went to God."

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First Ladies of Our Land

Wives of the Presidents

Part I

Elsie C. Carroll

NONE of her predecessors could have had an experience that thrilled so many people as the kiss Mamie Eisenhower received on Inauguration Day the moment she became First Lady of our land. It might be called "The kiss seen round the world." Not only did the assembled throng in Washington see it, but millions in the television audience. And it gave romance to a happy occasion. "All the world loves a lover," and President Eisenhower's fellow Americans loved him a little more for his gallantry and devotion.

That kiss will stand out as one of the highlights in Mamie's years as First Lady. Those who have held that honored station in years gone by had moments, too, that highlighted their histories.

George Washington was also a devoted lover. It must have made Martha Dandridge Curtis happy that she so impressed him at their first meeting that he quickly changed plans he had declared important, so he could enjoy her society a few hours longer.

At the time of that meeting George was a young colonel returning from a military campaign. He stopped to call on a friend, and before he learned that the beautiful widow of Colonel Custis was a visitor at the plantation, he had declared, "I can stay but a moment. I am hurrying to Williamsburg on official business."

After he met Martha Custis his departure suddenly became less urgent. He remained until late the next morning. At their next meeting, a few months later, they became engaged, and at the beginning of the following year, 1759, they were married.

No doubt Martha was lovely in her wedding dress—a quilted petticoat of white satin under a heavy corded silk skirt with ruffles and pointed lace, white satin slippers with diamond buckles, pearl necklace, earrings and bracelet, and a pearl ornament in her hair.

The Washingtons enjoyed a number of years of rural life before they became President and First Lady. At Mount Vernon they entertained many guests, among them large parties of fox hunters. Sometimes Martha would join in the hunts, but she liked better to remain at home and prepare favorite dishes for George and their company. The extent of their hospitality may be judged by an entry in Washington's diary: "Would anyone believe that with one hundred and one cows I should still be obliged to buy milk and butter for my family and guests?"

In later years when Washington was leading the poorly trained and equipped patriots in their fight for freedom, Martha was with him as much as possible. In the army camps she helped in many unexpected ways.

One writer says:

Her tact and charm helped to eradicate the petty jealousies in the newly organized staff. She brought harmony to the headquarters by making the officers' wives as well as the officers themselves her devoted admirers and friends.

When she could not be with her husband, she spent her time from dawn until dark in the plantation workroom spinning, sewing, and knitting to turn out clothing for the ragged Continental Army.

ONE time when she heard that George was ill, she insisted on going to the front to nurse him back to health. Then she insisted on remaining with the forlorn troops, who at that time were feeling that the struggle against the English was all but hopeless.

She organized the officers' wives into sewing groups and built up their morale by her own assurance that their cause was right and would win. She inspired others with her own patriotism.

One time when the army headquarters were at Morristown, New Jersey, a group of women from the town called on her. One of them gave this report of their visit: "We found her knitting and with a specked apron on! There we were without a stitch of work and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady was knitting stockings for the soldiers." During the tragic winter at Valley Forge, she did all in her power to cheer the soldiers, carrying food and medicine to them and radiating her own faith and courage to the disheartened. A statement she made to her grandchildren years after the war was over reveals how close she was to the conflict. She said, "I heard the opening and closing guns of almost every campaign in the Revolution."

MARTHA DANDRIDGE CUSTIS WASHINGTON
(1731-1802)

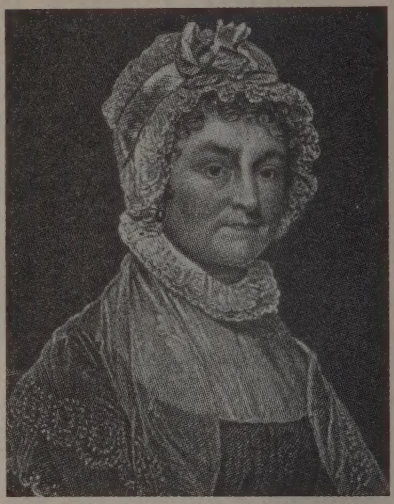
She was fifty-seven years old when her husband became President. She had thought her services to her country were over when the war ended. But she was destined, as the first First Lady of the land, to set a precedent for future years. She had no models. But her own good sense and excellent taste, and her early training in social situations enabled her to establish customs that have continued to add refinement and culture to our nation. At receptions and other social functions she acted without pomp, but with a dignity and courtesy that won the admiration and respect of the new democracy. She was greatly beloved and universally respected. She knew that the eyes of the entire country would be on the life in the Executive Mansion, and she was de-

termined not to follow the regal display of the country from which her own had withdrawn.

She preferred the simplicity of private life to that of the highest public station. She expressed delight when she and her husband returned to Mount Vernon after his second administration. "The General and I feel like children just released from school," she wrote to a friend. "I am again fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket."

Fortunately for those who were to come after her, she had set a model of simple, genuine, wholesome womanliness.

* * * * *



ABIGAIL SMITH ADAMS
(1744-1818)

ABIGAIL Smith, the young lady who was to become the second First Lady, surprised her friends when she married John Adams, a struggling young lawyer, recently graduated from Harvard University. Abigail was descended from a long line of ministers. Her father was a pastor in Weymouth, Massachusetts.

But Abigail was in love with the young circuit rider, and they were married in 1764. From that time to the end of her life she devoted herself to doing whatever she could to promote her husband's work and his ambitions.

John advanced rapidly in his public career. He was a member of the first Continental Congress. He was an international statesman. And later he became President of the United States.

Because the pay a lawyer received from his work was so small, Abigail willingly supported the family by running their small farm while John devoted his time to the cause of liberty and justice for the people. During the years of the Revolution she endured many hardships and faced grave dangers. Indians lurked in the forests near her home. Alone she nursed her children through serious illnesses. Often battles were fought so near that she could hear the roar of the cannon and watch the fighting across her fields.

She wrote to her husband an interesting account of hearing the Declaration of Independence read in Boston:

> Last Thursday I went with the multitude to hear the Proclamation of Independence. The inhabitants assembled and listened to the reading with eager attention. . . . As soon as the Colonel had ended, the cry from the balcony was "God save our American States!" Then three cheers rent the air. Bells rang. Cannon

were discharged and every face appeared joyful. . . . The king's arms were taken down from the State House and every vestige of him from every place in which it appeared, and was burnt in King Street. . . . Thus ends royal authority in this state.

Abigail was a patriot, deeply concerned over the affairs of her country. She told her husband that women should have a share in government.

BEING separated from her husband from August 1774, with the exception of a few months, for ten years was not easy for Abigail, but she complained only mildly as in such letters as the following:

I have received a good deal of paper from you. I wish it had been more covered. The writing is very scant. . . . Yet I know your time is not yours or mine. Your letters let me know you exist, but some of them contain scarcely six lines. I want some sentimental effusion of the heart.

Perhaps it was such expressions of her need for his companionship that made her husband send for her to join him in France after they had been separated for three years while he was assisting Benjamin Franklin to try to secure money and support for the struggling American Army. Later she accompanied him to London when he was sent to England as American ambassador.

His mission to England was to try to establish friendly relations between that country and our own. Because of the recent war that was not an easy undertaking. Abigail, with genuine simplicity and tact, was often a buffer between her husband and the diplomats of King George III's court. The king was irritable and uncompromising, still smarting from the loss of his colonies. John Adams was extremely outspoken. But Abigail's ability to adjust pleasantly to whatever situation she found herself in, helped him in his diplomacy. She won the admiration and respect of official England and made the way easier for future ambassadors from our country.

After returning from Europe, John Adams was first elected Vice-President, then became President of the United States in 1797. He and Abigail were the first chief officials to live in Washington, D. C. Prior to that time the seat of government had been in New York and Philadelphia.

The White House today is vastly different from the one Abigail Adams moved into in 1800. At that time it was unfinished and surrounded by forests. The streets around it were ankle-deep in mud. The now famous Pennsylvania Avenue ran through a swamp. A board served as a bridge between the road and the Executive Mansion. It was a problem to heat the house. When visitors called the First Lady worried about how to make them comfortable. Drying clothes was another problem. Sometimes the family wash was hung in the East Room to dry.

But Abigail wrote to a friend that it was a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement. She said, "The more I view the place the more I am delighted with it."

The nation was proud of the Mansion and believed that some day it would have the beauty and efficiency planned for it. Even then, Abigail Adams as First Lady made

guests feel welcome and at ease and followed the standards of simplicity and dignity set by Martha Washington.

Mrs. Adams had the distinction of giving a son as well as a husband to the White House. However, she did not live to see her son John Quincy become President.

* * * * *

THE woman who would have been the third First Lady (Martha Wyler Skelton) died before Thomas Jefferson became President in 1801. He had designed and built for her the beautiful home Monticello, and she would have graced the Executive Mansion as she did her own home. His daughter Martha Jefferson Randolph acted, at times, as his official hostess.

* * * * *

JAMES Madison's wife was affectionately called Queen Dolly, and it was said that when she entertained, "political jealousies were laid aside in the charm of her hospitality, and Washington forgot that it was a city in a wilderness." She thoroughly enjoyed the eight years (1809-1817) she "reigned" in the Executive Mansion as the wife of President James Madison, and all Washington enjoyed themselves socially with her.

Dorothea Payne Todd Madison had beauty and the grace and ease which usually come with a long background of social experience, but she had passed the first twenty-two years of her life in a simple Quaker family.

At the time she met James Madison her widowed mother was boarding several members of Congress, and Dolly, a young widow, was helping her. James was shy and retiring, but even then was spoken of in Congress as the "great little man." When he married the pretty widow Todd in 1794, all Washington, including President and Mrs. Washington, smiled approval.

It seemed an easy transition for Dolly from the demure Quaker customs of her childhood and first marriage to the fashionable world of balls, luncheons, and teas she then lived in.

Her husband was Secretary of State during Jefferson's administration, and Jefferson relied much on Dolly when official state dinners and receptions were held in the Executive Mansion. In fact, it was said that the real social center at that time was not the Mansion, but Dolly Madison's drawing room. There senators, cabinet members, and foreign diplomats met every day, and her home became known as *Dolly's House*. From those gatherings there came the influence which largely won her husband's election to the Presidency in 1809. Then she became the official First Lady, though she had already served, in a way, unofficially for eight years. She made the Executive Mansion bright and inviting with new furnishings, as well as by her own scintillating personality. She was a perfect hostess. She made everyone feel welcome and comfortable. She had the knack of bringing out the best in each person's conversation. Though now she dressed in satins and ermines and could wear jewels such as she had dreamed of as a little Quaker girl, she retained her gentle and simple manner.

Biographers state that she never forgot a name or a face and that for everyone she met she had special words of friendliness. She would never participate in unpleasant conversation. If irritating points developed, she would leave the room for a few moments; then return and resume the conversation on a new topic. She talked to each guest animatedly about his own special interests and concerns. She did even more. She had the rare grace of being an attentive listener. About her conversational charm one writer says: "The unfortunate had her sympathy and aid; the brilliant, her admiration; the witty, her flashing laugh. All were her friends."

DOROTHEA (DOLLY) PAYNE
TODD MADISON
(1768-1849)

SHE was a fine balance for her retiring husband and his second term was attributed to be due almost entirely to her popularity.

During the War of 1812 she had some trying experiences. At one time while President Madison was away inspecting the American forces, word came that the British were marching on the Capital. The residents of the city fled in panic. The servants deserted the Mansion House, and Dolly was left almost alone. She busied herself collecting her husband's state papers, then began to write a letter to her sister. She wrote: "I can hear the roar of the cannon as the enemy are coming nearer and nearer." She related how she insisted on having a painting of Washington taken from the wall before she would prepare to leave, when a friend came to insist on her departure from the house. She ended her letter, "And now, dear sister, I must leave this house or the army will make me a prisoner in it . . . . When I shall write again to you, or where I shall be tomorrow I cannot tell."

When she and her husband returned to Washington, they found that the British raiders had burned the Capitol, the Treasury Building, and the Executive Mansion. The President and First Lady took over the Octagon House, and there the triumphant city celebrated the news of peace in 1815. Dolly waved to the returning soldiers, and they cheered her as they marched past.

After the Madisons retired to private life, Dolly devoted herself to the care of her husband and his invalid mother. The older woman said of Dolly, "I am feeble and helpless and owe everything to her. She is my mother now."

Montpellier, the home of the Madisons, was the center of hos-

pitality similar to that of the Jefferson estate. Hundreds came and went, and Montpellier was also sold, as Monticello had been, for debts.

But even after the loss of the plantation and the death of her husband, Dolly Madison, though sorrowed by the profligacy of her son by her first husband, continued to be *Queen Dolly* and kept open house in a little home on Lafayette Square to the end of her days. Congress voted her the franking privilege and provided her a seat on the floor of the House of Representatives, the first time a woman was accorded that honor. Congress also saved her from poverty by purchasing her husband's letters and papers.

She died in 1849, just a few months after she had attended a levee at the White House and had passed through the rooms she had once graced as First Lady, on the arm of President Polk, the seventh President after her husband's administration; and she had been honored by them all. On that occasion she was a frail, white-haired old lady, but she had the same serenity and charm that had brought her the spontaneous title, *Queen Dolly*, nearly a half century before.

On Wings of Prayer

Elena Hassell Stanley

Spring brought the promise of a bounteous yield
To men grown lean through endless winter days
As crystal water flowing through each field
Released life-giving nurture from the clays.
Then, when each plot was clothed in brightest green,
A threatening shadow moved upon the land,
As cricket hoards swept down from each ravine
To verdant farms, and no one could remand.
With spade, with broom and shovel, stick and stone,
The frantic people fought with frenzied zeal.
Since Egypt's locust plague no one had known
A greater menace to the common weal.
As fields grew lifeless, famine ventured near
To torment souls now sick at heart with fear.

In that dark hour they bowed their heads in prayer,
For only God could check this ruthless foe
With jaws of steel advancing everywhere,
His hand alone the miracle bestow.
A plaintiff cry, a shrill half-scream was heard,
As myriads of sea gulls fluttered in
To feast, disgorge, and feast again, each bird,
Invincible ally, endowed to win.

Who humbly kneels before the Father's throne
Has placed himself in tune with heavenly light,
Though raging storms endanger his hearthstone,
Faith is a beacon shining in the night.
And when our cross seems more than we can bear
Perhaps our gulls will come on wings of prayer.

Special for Redheads

PART I

Hazel K. Todd

THROUGH her blue, ruffled kitchen curtains, Marian could see the medieval army of nine-year-olds, their grotesque wooden swords flourishing in the air as they lined up for combat. And although she could have walked out the door and saluted the proud leader in a few short steps, yet she knew, with discouraging assurance, she would still be a million miles from reaching him.

"Ready, charge!" shouted Rusty, the knight in command, with his bucket head pointing into the air, and a lock of his red hair waving in the summer breeze through a hole in the helmet. Her eyes followed while the army swooped down with vigorous onslaught onto the unsuspecting clothesline poles. She watched the scramble of arms and legs and bucket heads segregate into separate boys.

"Good work, Sir Knight," said Rusty, the head gallant, standing in their center, his board shield held in a stately manner before him. "And now we will get the knights on the drawbridge. Mount your steeds, men!"

She saw them straddle their willow horses leaning against the garage and march away to the new battle, her heart following after the competent leader. Being a stepmother could be so satisfying if only Rusty would accept her as the others had done. If only she could think of the way to break down the hard wall he had built up against her. Her gaze wandered down along the row of trees that led to the meadow and the swamp she had heard Robbie mention. She thought of the dozens of ways she had tried to reach Rusty. There was the time when she had bought him the new belt with the shining silver buckle. He had given it to his friend Beany. There was the time she had gone to his room at night. She had sat on the bedclothes and tried to talk to him, but he had covered up his head and stiffened out like something made of steel. Then there was the time . . . .

"*Moth-er.*"

The word clung in her ears as it had done from the first time she had heard it. She turned to the small figure beside her. It was Robbie, a little boy, short for his four years. He was standing before her with his big eyes and his cat Blinky.

"Moth-er, may I have a drink?"

"Of course, darling!" she said, reaching for the glass. And then she sat on the chair and pulled him onto her lap, forgetting for the moment the one she could not hold. He kissed her lightly on the cheek, stroked the cat's silky hair, and then he slid from her knees and went chasing after some new interest.

And Marian, too, went chasing in her mind after all the things in the recent past that had made her life so different. From Robbie, with his fairy kisses and his "Moth-er," to Rusty, with his stubborn red

hair, his scowl and himself that he kept always out of her reach; to Patty and her sweet girlishness, always trying so hard to help; and to Bob her husband. With thoughts of Bob there came flooding over her a warmth that sang in her like spring sunshine.

MEETING Bob had been such a sweet surprise. Years before she had folded the scraps of a broken romance away in a corner of her memory and told herself that that part of her was dead. But one day Bob had walked into the shop where she sold toys, having been sent in by a mutual friend. From the moment she had looked into his suntanned face she had suspicioned that something could go awry with her well-planned spinsterhood.

"I want a scooter," he said, "for a red-headed boy. Jack Rhodes told me you would help me select one." She had found herself thinking of the man's handsome red hair, instead of the scooter.

"Something extra strong," she remembered his saying, "for a tough red-headed boy with too much energy."

And then she had come to herself. "Oh," she had said, "something special for redheads!" And they both laughed together, and it had been such fun.

Marian didn't recall when Bob had first told her about his children, whose mother was dead. But one by one she had met them through incidents he had mentioned. There was Patty, who was eleven now, a shy girl who longed for the companionship of a mother; Rusty nine, who had red hair and so much energy that he needed a special scooter; and Robbie, four, who couldn't remember his mother. Robbie had a cat Blinky that he loved very much. And there was a housekeeper, Mrs. Sharp, who kept the house and the children very clean, in a very business-like way.

Marian had made a special place in her heart for each of the children by the time Bob asked her to marry him. They had been walking after the rain along a street that was lined with lilac bushes. Suddenly, he had stopped at a spot where the late sun shone through the wet leaves onto his sunbrown face. Marian had looked at his wet hair that burned in the sunlight so that it set her heart on fire, at his smile that twisted her heart, and at his blue eyes that were full of his love. She had taken the folded scraps from the past and cast them away, and given him her heart as clean of the past sorrows as the washed leaves of the lilac bushes.

She had had no stepmother qualms at meeting Bob's children. She had even waited with excitement the day he was to take her to his home to meet his family. When the car had stopped before the white house with its wide lawn and the neat picket fence, and the trees that led to the meadow beyond, she had felt that it was everything she had ever wanted in a home. Bob had been excited, too, like a boy who wanted to show something that was his and of which he was very proud. But when the car stopped, he had suddenly become very sober. He had laid his hand on her arm. "Marian, if Rusty

acts, stubborn —and —well, don't let him change your mind."

MARIAN had laughed. She had seen throngs of redheaded boys who loved scooters. "Of course," she had assured him, "I will not be discouraged. Don't you know I have special ways for redheads?"

And even after their first meeting she had not been discouraged. In her thoughts she relived her first visit. She stood again before the door that Bob was opening for her.

Bob opened the door and she entered with joyous expectation. Patty was sitting at the piano, and she stood up and made a sedate little curtsy. Bob gave the girl a quick wink so that Marian knew they had planned it together. And in her heart she clasped the child's hand, knowing that with her there was nothing to fear.

And then in the picture before her she saw Rusty sitting sullenly in the corner, with his red hair and a black frown.

But before she had time to think further Robbie came from his seat in the big chair, with his big eyes and his cat. He walked falteringly, and he held the cat tightly in his arms. "Do you like cats?" he asked earnestly when he was several steps from her.

"Mrs. Sharp doesn't like Blinky," Patty hastened to explain. "She says there are cat hairs all over everything."

Marian felt Bob's eyes upon her, while before her she looked into the other pair of eyes, the large dark eyes of a child asking for assurance. "Why, I love cats," she said happily, going to Robbie and stroking the cat's soft back. "When I was a little girl I had a cat almost like Blinky."

Robbie's big eyes looked joyously up into hers. "Could he sing?" he asked with great awe.

"Oh, wonderfully!" Marian said, and then before she knew it they were sitting in the rocker together with Blinky purring softly.

Bob cleared his throat. "Aren't you going to say hello?" he asked the boy in the corner.

But Rusty had no such thought. Instead, he pursed his lips and scraped his foot along the carpet.

Marian looked at Bob and saw the flush rise in his cheeks. He looked at her imploringly, as if he were afraid she might run away.

Marian thought quickly. "Oh," she said, "I know what Rusty's thinking about. I'll bet it is how fast he can go on his red scooter."

But as soon as she said it she knew it was wrong. He stood up and ran defiantly out the door, banging it behind him.

Bob looked at her helplessly, and Patty was very embarrassed.

"Please don't be upset," Marian hurried to assure them. "Rusty and I will get acquainted when no one else is around."

BUT they had not. In fact, it seemed to Marian that he grew farther away from her each time she was near him. She recalled, with mingled emotions, the day they had come home after their marriage. Everything seemed to be going right. Patty met her with a smile and gave her a shy kiss on the cheek

and whispered that she was so glad to have her. Robbie came with Blinky the cat and his big eyes full of joy and trust.

"See," he said excitedly, when the cat purred softly to her touch, "Blinky likes you."

But Rusty — Marian looked around for his red head from the first moment. He didn't seem to be anywhere. In fact, he was nowhere to be found until it began to be dusk and she and Bob found him crouched in his rabbit pen with his rabbits. And then he burst out with indignation, "I don't want any old stepmother! I'd rather run away!"

Bob was holding her hand and he gripped it so tightly it hurt. She looked at the boy sitting defiantly in the rabbit house, his face smeared with dirt and his hair filled with hay leaves.

"Really," she suggested carefully, but with a smile, "I'm not one of the mean kind of stepmothers, Rusty. And I think redheaded people are nice."

But Rusty remained sullen. She caught a smoldering fire in his eyes as he climbed from the rabbit pen and walked without another word toward the house. Bob gave a quick start to follow him and Marian saw the angry flash on his face.

She put out her hand and caught his arm. "No, please, Bob, don't be angry with him. It would do no good."

He looked at her and the flush melted to tenderness. He gave her hand a quick squeeze. "All right," he said calmly, with his eyes still on hers. Then he turned, and with perfect control, followed his son.

SHE had sat down on the stone wall while her mind sorted out all the different kinds of boys she remembered who had come into the toy shop. She was so busy trying to find one that she could identify Rusty with that she did not notice the tiny form sliding closer to her on the garden wall. And then she heard it, a half-whisper as though it were meant for his ears instead of her own.

"Moth-er," he said hesitantly. She turned then and saw Robbie's dark eyes like pools in the gathering dusk. They were fastened on her intently, and he had his cat clutched tightly in his arms.

The word sang through her as though it were electric, chasing away all else. An impulse to clasp the little boy in her arms, a need to stop the flood of tears that was racing to her eyes, and a deep sense of responsibility all struggled for possession. She swallowed and said a silent prayer for strength. And then she pulled him over to her and kissed the top of his head nestled in the crook of her arm.

Bob came back with two wrinkles between his eyes. He sat down by them without saying anything. With Robbie squeezed tightly between them, and the touch of Bob's hand sending a sweet tingling through her, she was possessed with a strange bewilderment as though she were unable to cope with all the different emotions—her deep attachment to Robbie and Patty, her worried concern for Rusty, and her love for Bob, all struggling at once for top place in her feelings.

(*To be continued*)

Ward Linton

FUCHSIA BLOSSOMS

But This He Left

Mary Gustafson

Here, birds have homed; in this place he knew
And kept each leaf and flower in place. This spot
Is where he planted Concord grapes that grew
To form an arbor, cover for the cot
Where he could pause at sun-tipped noon. A goldfinch
Flutters limb to limb, and butterflies
Drop sipping to a buttercup. The scold
Of blue jay chatters up the hours when skies
Are clear. Ferns lift their nestled fronds to claim
Tall spikes of iris bloom. Blue violet
Shies close to flowering peach, and fuchsia flame
Drifts whirls of color to sweet mignonette . . . .
The house is shuttered close to those who knock,
And silence rests the hands that wound the clock.

The Road of Memories

Fredrika Clinch

THERE are many things which can start the mind traveling backward in a dream over an old road of memories. It can be the sunrise or the sunset, the howl of a coyote, a train whistle, the smell of fresh-cut lucern, the wind moaning in the chimney of an empty house, the sound of water, the song of a bird in meadow or tree, the smell of food, or the crackling of a fire.

A train whistle breaks the stillness of the night, and the clicking of the wheels turns the present into the past. I am traveling backward in a dream over an old road of memories. Again I hear the clicking of the wheels of the train that passed the sugar-beet field, where my mother, sister, and brother toiled thinning and topping beets, while I played close by in the shade of the willows, out of the sweltering heat. I smell the fresh-cut lucern with the purple flowers, which my father cut with the mower in the field next to the sugar-beet acres.

Looking south from the fields, I can still see the towering smokestack of the Elsinore Factory where our beets were made into sugar.

Leaving the fields, I come to a grove of elm trees, and, nestled among them, is the humble adobe house where I was born and lived until I was five; then my father moved us to Southern Utah, to John's Valley, which was named after Dr. John A. Widtsoe. There the coyotes howled with the restless wind, and the sagebrush grew as tall as trees. Before crops could be planted, we had to uproot the sagebrush from the soil. Fortunately, this was not a difficult thing to do, for in that soil the roots of the brush yielded readily to pick and harrow.

In that wilderness, living was precarious, because every seed that was planted depended on the elements to make it grow, for there was no water supply to use if the rains failed to come. When the rains came, we had good crops, which had to be stored in the one-room, twelve-by-sixteen, cabin where we ate and slept. When the bins were full, we had very little space for living, and we had to sleep on the grain on straw ticks, with barely enough room to turn between the log rafters and the grain. We didn't mind sleeping like that, because we knew that some day the grain would go to the mill, and that meant food and clothing for the winter.

It was the dry seasons that we dreaded. For days, weeks, and months, we would watch for the dense, black clouds to come, but day after day there would be only cumulus clouds that looked like gigantic heaps of meringue. Such clouds are beautiful to people who aren't looking and praying for rain. Many summers the crops burned in the fields, and the pond went dry. Every time I cut fudge into squares, it makes me think of the bottom of the pond before it got

too dry and curled at the edges. When the pond was dry, the water had to be carried two miles from the neighbor's well, or from the river.

LOOKING south from the cabin, we could see a cliff we called "Pink Cake, with white frosting." A short drive from Pink Cake was Bryce Canyon, that miracle of nature, with its fantastic temples, spires, and grotesque shapes, sculptured by the wind and water of the ages.

When I close my eyes, I am again taking my first trip to Bryce Canyon with my parents and sisters. We are in the bumpy wagon, and father and mother are in the spring seat with their backs to us.

It was when they weren't looking we would have our arguments, because father hated to hear us quarrel, and so we were careful to keep our voices below the noise of the wagon. We knew that if father heard us disagree, we might all have to go back to the farm, and we wouldn't get to camp under the pines, and see the sunset and sunrise over Bryce Canyon. At that time, the splendor of the canyon was unknown to tourists.

The appearance of the canyon changes very little with time, and so it is with men. But customs change rapidly. Yet a smell or a sound can carry me back into the past even as the salmon that always returns to its native waters.

Dancing by Campfire

Lael W. Hill

Firelight runs over hillock and hollow,
The music is sweet and the night is for dancing;
Lifting and drifting, the smoke-spirals follow—
I see the long shadows retreating, advancing.

The music is sweet and the night is for dancing—
Oh, where is my love to swing me, to guide me?
I see the long shadows retreating, advancing—
Oh, where is the partner who should be beside me?

Oh, where is my love to swing me, to guide me?
The footsteps turn lightly, their swift rhythm wants me—
Oh, where is the partner who should be beside me?
Another strange music of mystery haunts me.

The footsteps turn lightly, their swift rhythm wants me—
Lifting and drifting, the smoke-spirals follow;
Another strange music of mystery haunts me . . . .
Firelight runs over hillock and hollow!

A Lady's Skirt

Blanche Kendall McKey

ABIGAIL packed the few dishes the three of them had used at lunch, and tucked the six remaining biscuits carefully in a tin box. As she moved back and forth, the lace of her petticoats caught at times in the low clumps of sagebrush, but she absently shook herself free. For the moment she scarcely saw Paul's sturdy little form, quiet in sleep, beneath an improvised tent. Even Warren, bent over his broken wheel, faded from her view, as did the limitless stretch of gray plains to the east and the purple outline of western hills. She was seeing budding hedgerows and patches of sweet lavender in England.

They were still three hundred miles from Zion. The summer was old in the desert, but the midday rays were hot.

"Will you bring me the small hammer, Abigail?"

She lifted Warren's tool from a small chest lying open on the ground; and as she came toward him, again the lace of her many petticoats clung to the shrubbery. She pulled them free and stooped to look for snags in the scalloped edges.

Warren had risen, stretching the muscles of his back, and now stood frowning under his broad brim as he watched her.

"If you would pack two-thirds of your skirts in the trunk, we'd get along better. There's no place for hoops in this country."

The irritation in his voice grated on Abigail's nerves, because she had just seen a vision of herself and Warren, immaculate and dewy-eyed, strolling through a country lane in Surrey.

"And not even look like a woman?" she flashed. "Just like a . . . a . . . well, like a wooden slat?"

In spite of their dire situation, Warren smiled. His quick glance, taking in her entire person, was warm with admiration.

"Spitfire," he teased, half under his breath.

She stepped closer and slipped her hand over his damp shirt until it rested on his shoulder.

"I'm thinking of Paul," she said, looking back at the child lying between two bunches of sagebrush. "Nobody wants to raise a son who will know nothing but digging. And enduring."

Warren gazed at the boy, sunbaked, wind-blown, and small for his nearly four years. His expression was a mixture of tenderness and perplexity. Finally he walked back to the wagon wheel.

"We'll have to make the best of things as we find them," he said.

Abigail followed him, speaking hopefully. "You know how cheerful my aunt's letters have been the last few years. Things aren't so bad now in Deseret. I've been hoping all along that with your education and my music and sweet little Paul, we would take something beautiful to the desert."

"Those things aren't fundamental, Abbie," he answered, shortly.

Under her blue sunbonnet, she studied him as he hunted about for

a piece of wood and, eventually, chopped off the end of her broom handle and went to work wiring a broken spoke in the wagon wheel. His naturally fair skin was baked to a deep brown. The locks of hair that straggled down from the brim of his hat were baked, also, and faded to a dull yellow. There were "squinting" lines around his eyes and down his forehead. She put her hand to her own parched face and felt its roughness. Her lips burned; perhaps they would be blistered tomorrow. The vision came again of English gardens, of gentle rain, of rustling silken skirts. A quick indrawn breath made a choking sound in her throat.

WARREN laid down his roll of wire and went to her, taking her arms in a firm grip.

"Do you ever stop to think that your chief trouble is your husband?" he demanded.

Her searching eyes found no explanation in his drawn face.

"You, Warren?" she breathed slowly.

"The schoolmaster was all right in an old village, but here. . . ."

"Without you, I'm nothing, Warren. . . ."

"I don't know enough about oxen. That's why the wagon keeps giving way. You have to understand animals and things, as well as people, or something goes wrong. You should have married a mechanic in your father's shop."

"I'm frightened, Warren, I'm afraid of the mountains even when I'm with you. . . ."

"We've got to accept them and live with them. Books are no good here."

"Wait," she whispered. "Wait a little longer. Books will be great in Zion."

He brightened. "How is your aim today?" he asked enthusiastically.

Swinging into the wagon, he emerged with a battered target and a rifle. He handed Abigail the latter and set the target against a sturdy growth of sagebrush. She fired.

"Good," he cried. "Now closer to the mark."

Her second shot was better.

"Fine. Try again."

This time she almost hit the bull's eye.

"Well, you ought to feel braver after that," he said as he replaced the rifle and again went to work on the wheel.

Little Paul crawled from under the piece of canvas. "Did you see a buffalo, Mother?"

They laughed, but Abigail's eyes instinctively swept the eastern horizon.

"Look, Warren," she said in a low voice.

THREE men were riding toward them on ponies. They swayed easily with the motion of the beasts, their black hair vivid, their red shoulders gleaming against the scintillating sky.

"That's just like Indians," Warren muttered. "You never know where they come from."

"Hunters?" she asked.

"More like scouts. Perhaps they heard your shots."

The Indians rode forward, three abreast, then stopped for a parley. In a few moments one of them, on a mottled pony, came directly

toward the wagon. The beaded band across his forehead and the red feather it fastened to the back of his head, gleamed in the sun.

Abigail took Paul in her arms.

The Indian slid from his mount and advanced, his hands held high in the air. He called in guttural tones words that made no sense to his listeners.

"Sounds like peace overtures," said Warren.

But when the man came close, his deep-sunk eyes were veiled.

"Mormon?" he asked.

Warren and his family nodded.

"Bread. Suga'," the Indian demanded.

Abigail set Paul down and went to the box in the covered wagon. She took out three of the biscuits, thinking as she did so that three remained for Warren and Paul, if their journey should be further delayed. She poured a little sugar into a small bag and haltingly carried it and the bread to their silent guest. He took the food solemnly, dropping it into a bag that hung around his waist. At that moment Paul darted to the side of the Indian and reached up to finger the bright handle of a knife that hung from his beaded belt.

"Good Papoose," he said.

Abigail nodded rigidly.

The Indian turned his eyes to Warren. "You give Papoose to Rain-in-the Face, great father?" he asked.

Warren threw his son into the air, then set him on his broad shoulder. "Have to come back later," he chuckled.

The visitor grunted and rode away to join his fellows.

"I'm frightened," whispered Abigail. "What if he thought. . . ."

"Let's not become hysterical, Abbie. Even Indians know that people don't give their children away."

They stood and watched the riders disappear.

"You never know where they go, either," said Warren, thoughtfully. "I was only carrying out orders to be friendly."

HE went back to work and tried to replace the heavy wheel on the wagon. Abigail turned up her outer skirt and pinned it around her waist. Together, they tugged and pushed and hammered, but the mended wheel no longer fit the axletree.

When he finally gave up and faced her, she knew what he was going to say.

"They won't miss us until camping time tonight. We were the last wagon, you may recall. They won't worry because we are always pulling in late. I'll have to get help now, while there's daylight."

She darted a look at Paul but said nothing.

"Listen, deary," he said tenderly, "you'll be all right. Stay in the wagon with the boy. Say your prayers, but keep the rifle handy. Dalby is fresh and swift. I'll catch up with someone in an hour."

Abigail, with Paul in her arms, stood at the front opening of the wagon and watched Warren gallop down the trail the heavy caravan had left. They couldn't see him very long for the dust of Dalby's young hoof beats; after awhile the dust settled, and there was just the gray sweep of plains again and the mountains, like immense shadows, looming in the west.

The oxen have been traveling by inches, she thought; Dalby will soon reach a wagon or a scout. But every moment dragged like an hour. She kept seeing the Indian's stolid face when she had come close enough to hand him the biscuits. She felt sure that he was on friendly terms with the Mormon immigrants, but Warren's unstudied remark came back to haunt her. She thought, it was Brigham Young himself who said, "Never break your word with an Indian." "You will have to come back later," resounded over and over in her brain like the repeated rumble of muffled thunder. She read to Paul and watched the horizon, her heart fluttering painfully in spite of its passionate prayer.

AT first, the Indian was merely a clump of sagebrush, only that he moved and was followed by a faint cloud of dust. He was riding in the direction of the wagon. Abigail crouched down on the floor, pulling Paul with her, and watched from under the canvas.

"Paul," she said breathlessly, "the Indian is coming back."

He gazed at her solemnly. "The Indian is my friend, Mother."

It was her own teaching backfiring.

"I know, Paul. But he may want to take you away. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"No." But it was not a decided answer and contained little protest. She would have to frighten him.

"I don't know why, dear, but Indians like white children. They have even stolen them—for keeps."

His small face looked so drawn that she knew it must be reflecting her own tragic expression. She peered through the crack between the canvas and the wood. The Indian was still riding toward them. She reached for the rifle. I know I could pick him off if he comes close, she thought, but she shook and turned faint at the idea. Besides, she remembered how her shots an hour or two ago had brought three riders from nowhere. Shooting was not the way, she concluded. Where could she hide Paul?

As she replaced the rifle, the lace of her skirts clung to a small, roughly finished bench which Warren used to step from the floor of the wagon to the driver's seat. An idea came swiftly.

She could scarcely speak but she managed, "No one else in the world loves you as your mother does, Paul. You must do exactly what I say."

He was almost ready to cry, but he said bravely, "I will, Mother."

She placed the rifle on the floor beside the little bench. On a shelf near it she set the box containing the biscuits and a small chunk of bacon. Then she sat on the bench and took the boy by the shoulders.

"Son, I'm going to hide you under my soft skirts. If you don't move, if you don't make a sound, the Indian will go away."

She directed him to sit on the floor between her feet, then lifted the petticoats and placed them over him, billowing them around her on the wagon bed. She caught up a ball of knitting.

"Sit still, Paul," she whispered, placing her hand for a second on his shoulder.

He did not answer.

"Do you understand, son?"

"Yes."

She heard the hoofbeats and felt Paul's little hands clasp her ankles. "O God," she prayed silently, "O God. . . ."

She heard no noise but sensed the Indian's presence. In a second she looked up. His beaded head and great red chest were framed in the back opening.

"HOW do you do?" Abigail managed.

His face expressionless, he looked all around.

"I come for Papoose," he said, jerkily.

"Papoose with his own people."

He stared at her fiercely. She turned and pointed out at the wagon tracks. He came closer, looking over the driver's seat to examine Dalby's hoofprints. He glanced behind the trunk, opened the lid and looked in. He unfastened a roll of bedding.

"Papoose with his own people," she repeated.

His swordlike scrutiny cut. She held out the tin box with the food, but he continued to stare at her.

"Bread?" she offered.

Finally he took it, dropping it into his bag. But his veiled eyes were continuously on her.

"Meat?" she asked, proffering the bacon.

He took it silently. He looked at the rifle at her feet, and then back to her. But his eyes didn't appear to be directly on her face. She swallowed hard, putting her hand up to her throat. He started to talk rapidly in his own language. It was her necklace he wanted!

She unclasped the ornament and held it toward him.

"Beads?" she asked.

He looked pleased. His sprawling features relaxed. He made an inexplicable explanation in his own tongue, swung the necklace in the air with satisfaction, then dropped it in his bag and departed. Evidently she had purchased her husband's promise with a string of glass beads!

When Warren returned with two men who understood the mechanics of wagons, Paul poured out the whole story. How frightened his mother had looked, how smothering his hiding place had been, how still he had kept!

Abigail was quiet during the recital, but at the close she clasped the boy to her and burst into a torrent of tears. When she could control herself, she looked up at Warren to find that his eyes were also flooded.

"Abbie," he said huskily, "you take such stock in pretty things, but the look in your face this minute makes the richest decoration a bauble."

When she could speak, she said: "Well, baubles have a place in life."

Later, when the sun was low and the cool night air of the desert was beginning to stir, Abigail, resting in the wagon, could hear the clop-clop of the men's horses riding ahead, and Dalby, tied to the back of the wagon, crunching his few oats. Warren was urging the oxen forward, while little Paul, tired of being cooped in so long, was running beside him. They were still talking about Paul's escape.

"Father," he piped, "isn't it a good thing mother wears so many skirts?"

A Letter from Mother

My Dear Children:

With the warmth of summer around us, we feel a new and altogether delightful atmosphere everywhere. How are your roses coming along? Did you transplant the white roses in the back to the front garden? Just to walk through a rose garden gives me a lift for the day.

You know, dears, I had a really good idea yesterday, at least I believe it is. Most people, I find, don't always want great things—they want little things. They like to have someone thoughtful enough of their comfort to move over pleasantly in a public place so that their well-being is considered. A smile and a pleasant word bring instant response almost anywhere.

The other day when I stopped my car by a Stop sign, a young man with a sort of flashy car waited longer than was needful just so I could have a clear crossing. He smiled as though it had been his mother who was at the wheel of my car. As I passed him I couldn't resist calling, "You'll spoil me!"

That set me thinking. We should all spoil each other more. Spoil the other person by giving him something he wants and is not expecting—some kindness and consideration that will warm his heart and make his day happier and fuller. That young man in the car, with his pleasant courtesy, persuaded me that I had probably been wrong about the rudeness of drivers. I just didn't consider them as people. Now I wanted to do something nice for other drivers. I wanted to pass the word along that courtesy is not dead, but is very much alive and worthwhile.

At school, when I was small, we used to play the simple little game of, "Pass It On." Why shouldn't we pass on our idea of thinking up ways of spoiling people? If our neighbor feels that we have infringed on her privacy and annoyed her by playing the radio or television too loud at night, let us not resent it. Let us play our music softer. Give her what she wants. She will probably bring over some carrots from her garden the next day, she will be so happy.

People's wants are usually rather simple. We can afford to spoil them by giving in to their wishes. Our good feeling will mount to the skies and, besides, we will be taking steps to shorten the route we are taking, that of loving the Lord with all our hearts, and our neighbors as ourselves.

Well, darlings, be good citizens and love me even if I do talk a lot. God bless you and be with you.

Lovingly,
Mother.
Clara Horne Park

Eyes to See

Zara Sabin

Bee balm and red poppies starring wayside sod;
Serried tips of pine trees reaching up to God;
Green of hedge and coppice, glow of ripening grain;
Gray tinge to a blue sky—hint of summer rain—
Beauty all around me, feast for memory,
And gratitude within my heart for eyes to see!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

DRESS AND COLOR: The woman of sense need ask no questions in order to always look well dressed, for in this day of such varied fashions there are a few simple rules to follow which, though a woman be poor or rich, old or young, homely or beautiful, she may appear fashionable and well dressed: avoid extremes, select a becoming color or combination of colors; and make your dresses neat . . . . But surely nowadays woman's dress is becoming much the same everywhere. The uniform, I call it, is this most common but quite taking . . . navy blue skirt and blazer with the fresh, pretty shirt waist. —Camelia

WORLD'S FAIR: The ladies of Utah interested in World's Fair work will be pleased to know that Mrs. Emily S. Richards, President of the Territorial Board of Managers, returned recently from Chicago, though her stay at home will probably not be a long one, as the arduous duties of the office require so much that must necessarily be attended to or superintended personally. Mrs. Richards will enjoy the fresh and envigorating mountain air after being stifled up in a crowded city. —Lula

TRIBUTE TO JULIA C. HOWE

To Heaven's voice you have been true—
The youth of Zion pray for you
And love you for your sake,
You've taught them long and faithfully
To ever true and steadfast be—
And never God forsake.

—L. D. Alder

WHO MOTHER GOOSE WAS: Mother Goose's maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in the year 1635, and married Isaac Goose of Boston. She was his second mate and began her maternal life as stepmother to ten children. She added six more to that number . . . Thomas Fleet listened to her songs as she sat in her arm chair, and printed and sold them. . . . They are full of practical wisdom. Let us hope a statue will be erected to this memorable old lady's memory. —M. A. T.

RELIEF SOCIETY REPORT FROM CACHE STAKE: We have thirty associations in Cache Stake, with an enrollment of about two thousand three hundred and seventy-one. The usual attendance is good in all the wards. We have a band of able, energetic women who are using their time and talent freely for the improvement of the children of Zion, and these children are showing great improvement in their manners, and their morals are not neglected. Our President Sister Jane E. Molen is an indefatigable worker, and under her influence things are sure to prosper.

—Mattie Blair Hanson

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

A Provo Latter-day Saint, Luella Wakefield (Mrs. Jesse A.) Washburn, seventy-five, is Utah's mother of the year. She has had eleven children, ten of whom are living. With money she earned from school teaching, nursing, midwifery—part of the time in the Uintah Basin—she helped make it possible for her husband to win his Bachelor's degree, and later, his Master's degree, and aided her ten children to go to college. Eight of them have degrees. The Washburn children have made excellent records in their chosen fields.

EMMA HOWARD (Mrs. William Henry) CORBRIDGE Layton, Utah, died April 24, at the age of 100.

IN Sweden, Nils P. Jonsson, 102, died in April, leaving a widow, Bothilda, 103, after seventy-seven years of marriage. Neither has ever been outside the tiny village of Asmundtorp.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN (Mrs. Floyd B. Odlum), recently became the first woman to fly through the sonic barrier and surpass the speed of sound. Racing around a 100-kilometer closed course near Rogers Dry Lake in the Mojave Desert, Miss Cochran was timed at 652.337 miles per hour.

HELEN HINCKLEY (Mrs. Ivan Jones), a Utah woman now living in California, in *Persia Is My Heart*, tells the story of Najmeh Najafii, a young Iranian woman now studying in the United States. Her story, as told to Mrs. Jones, covers a period of less than twenty-five years, in which Najmeh saw great changes in the lives of the women of her country. It is a moving and dramatic narrative, beautifully expressed.

TWO women leaders from India have been doing some special studying in America. Dr. Kithianda Ganapathy, pediatrician on the staff of Lady Lyall Hospital of Agra (of Taj Mahal fame) has done advanced work in medical care of children, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. Miss Chandra Kanta Narain of Delhi, a radio engineer in the government-owned broadcasting system, has studied architectural acoustics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology to learn modern techniques of acoustic equipment of broadcasting studios.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Dr. Frances Elliott, ninety-three; Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Terry Blair, ninety-two; and Mrs. Emily Maiben Robbins, ninety, all of Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 40 JULY 1953 NO. 7

Work—Not Drudgery

THE regularly scheduled Relief Society program, as recommended by the general board, provides that a work meeting be held one day of each month throughout the year.

It is unfortunate that with so many people the word *work* is synonymous with the word *drudgery*. Words are peculiarly elastic things. They are charged with a variety of meanings. Often a word that may originally have had a special meaning may have that meaning modified and even changed by popular usage. In requiring that man should work to earn his daily bread God surely did not intend to impose a curse of drudgery upon him. Work is a blessing, not only because of the material things procured through it, but because of its wholesome effect upon the mind and body of the worker. But this effect comes only when the work is really enjoyed; and when the worker feels he is accomplishing something worthwhile or that he is contributing something to human welfare.

One Relief Society president has suggested that we change the name of "Work Meeting" to "Fun Meeting," as she felt the word "work" suggested something unpleasant to the sisters. This president, perhaps, was not thinking of the vision and wisdom of our Relief Society leaders of the past when they planned for and set aside one day out of each month as "Work Meeting." Relief Society was instituted to bring relief and solace to the members of the Church, especially the sisters, and its beginning was in the sewing of clothing for the men working on the Nauvoo Temple. The highest achievements and the most satisfying joys come through work. To make, to create, to produce something necessary or beautiful, lifts the spirit and brings a feeling of joy.

Work meeting should be a joy and a pleasure because we are doing good to ourselves and also helping others. If the work of each day is well defined and well planned, it is not drudgery. Work becomes drudgery when we cease to plan for it, or to make it attractive or pleasant. Also, tastes and evaluations differ with different people. What is play to one is arduous work to another. To a certain type of woman a party might be "a hard day's work." Pleasure to one may be the thrill of doing a piece of creative work, while to another it may be the peaceful satisfaction that accompanies an act of compassionate service.

The other day a Relief Society ward president made this announcement in a sacrament meeting: "The sisters of this ward have been so loyal during the past Relief Society

season that we are going to reward them. We are not going to hold any work meetings during the coming summer months." Such an attitude shows a lack of understanding of the purpose and the opportunities of the day, and deprives our sisters of the real joy and value of work meeting—a meeting which, if conducted as it should be, will provide an opportunity for our sisters to serve, to create, and to develop sisterhood.

—V. N. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for November will be mailed to Relief Society stake presidents on August 1st. We urge stake presidents to distribute these programs to the wards immediately upon receipt of them.

The following songs have been selected for use in the program.

"One World," by Geoffrey O'Hara, arranged by Harry R. Wilson, No. 106, SSA, 20c per copy.

"I Will Thank Thee, O Lord," by Frank L. Moir, SSA, No. 8942, 15c per copy.

If these songs are not available at your local music store, they may be ordered from one of the following:

Daynes Music Company, 45-47 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Errors in Magazine Honor Roll

Las Vegas Third Ward, Moapa Stake; Phoenix Third Ward, Phoenix Stake; and LaMesa Ward, San Diego Stake.

LAS Vegas Third Ward, Moapa Stake should have been listed on the Honor Roll as having 48 members, 74 subscriptions, and a percentage of 154; instead of 80 members, 74 subscriptions, and a percentage of 93. This change places the stake as having 110 per cent, instead of 106 per cent.

Phoenix Third Ward, Phoenix Stake, should have been listed as having 66 members, 68 subscriptions, and 103 per cent; instead of 104 members, 68 subscriptions, and 65 per cent. This correction places the stake as having 103 per cent, instead of 98 per cent.

LaMesa Ward, San Diego Stake, should have been listed as having 59 members, 67 subscriptions, and 114 per cent; instead of 85 members, 67 subscriptions, and 78.8 per cent, as listed in the May *Magazine*. This correction gives San Diego Stake 79 per cent, instead of 76 per cent.

The general board regrets these errors and wishes to express appreciation for the excellent record made by these wards and stakes.

By Early Candlelight

VI. Industry and Manufacturing in a Pioneer Home

Bonnie A. Kesler

WHEN evening shadows fell across the fields and homes, the various problems were weighed by the comforting fireside. It was by early candlelight that so many of the pioneers, Annie and Hyrum among them, summoned their courage to solve their difficult problems. It was then, especially, that talents made themselves known and friends and neighbors worked together.

One outstanding characteristic was resourcefulness. When Hyrum slaughtered his animals, he saw to it that all parts were used: hoofs for glue, bristles for brushes; the unused hair was mixed into plaster to reinforce it.

Willows were used for basket weaving, potter's clay was taken from the ditch banks and used for earthenware. Straw was used by Annie in making hats; corn husks were used for brooms; and cattails and reeds for weaving. Buffalo horns were used to make combs by sawing the horn lengthwise, and using a fine saw to form the teeth of the comb. Buffalo hides were used for floor and lap coverings.

While Annie and her daughters had their varying occupations during the long winter evenings, so did Hyrum and his sons. They made beautiful wooden bowls, spoons, ladles, potato mashers, and other useful items. Meat choppers were made of a single blade, with

a handle added, often carved from elk or deer horns.

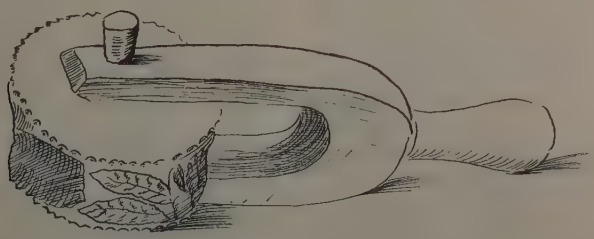
Annie had her own wooden churn. She skimmed the cream and saved it until there was enough to churn, then stored the butter in the cellar, or in a bucket in the well, or in the shade by the running stream.

A few men knew how to make molasses from home-grown sugar cane. Little Jane, Annie's third child, was pleased when she could carry homemade bread and butter spread with molasses to school in her lunch can. She was proud of her lunch can, and had watched and waited. When her daddy's axle grease can was finally empty of grease, she had asked for it, washed it well, and used it for her lunch can.

Annie saw to it that her household was always well supplied with candles. When their supply would get low, she would place her candle-mold on end so that the small end, or top of the candle, hung down. Out of holes in the tips of the candle mold she would hang the wick or string about one half inch. As the mold was resting on its top, the wicks on the bottom (which was up) were tied to small strips of wood lying across the holes, through which the melted tallow was carefully poured to fill the individual spaces for candles. After the tallow was cool and solid, the strips of wood were removed and saved for the next time. The mold was dipped into hot water, and the candles slipped out, ready for use. If ever there was not time to make candles, Annie poured a little tallow into the frog dish and then would put either candle wicking or a cotton rag about one inch into the tallow, before it set, and light the rag or wick. It would burn until the tallow was all gone, perhaps for several hours.

Another source of light was the "coil all" lamp, which burned coal-oil or kerosene. By turning the knob on the side, the wick could be raised or lowered, making a dimmer or brighter light. It was a weekly chore for one of Annie's family to wash the smoke from the glass chimneys, making them sparkle and shine again. A rather rough candle was made by dipping a string into melted tallow, then allowing it to dry, then dipping again and cooling it, until the desired size was reached.

Annie's family started the day by dipping water from the creek or well for culinary purposes. They used iron and brass kettles which had served them since Nauvoo.



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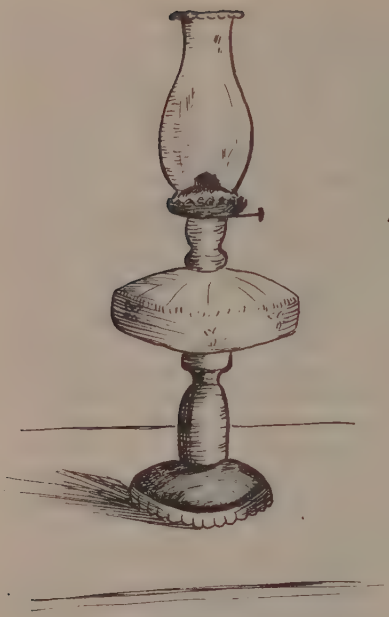


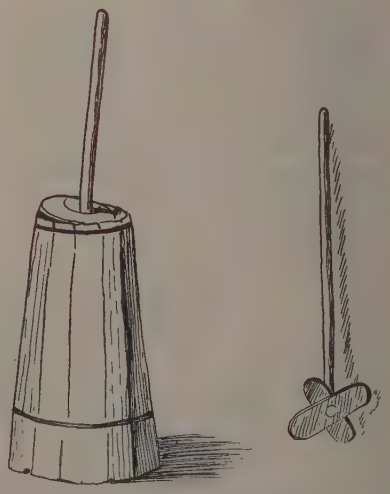
KEROSENE LAMP

Some neighbors used wooden buckets of their own making.

When Annie or a daughter was about to do the family wash, and the supply of soap was running low, then it was time to make a batch of soap from the grease which Annie had saved. If there was not enough grease, she would use rinds of pork after the lard was rendered out for kitchen use. She first sprinkled lye over the rinds, then added a little water and stirred until the lye dissolved the rinds, then a little more water was added and the mixture was boiled until of the right consistency for soap, a syrup of the consistency of honey. She tested a sample in plain water. When a spoonful, set aside, became congealed and nearly white, the kettle was removed from the fire and the soap was carefully poured into tubs to cool. Part of the mixture was perfumed with mint, or other herbs, to be used for hand soap. After setting over night, the soap was congealed, then it was cut into bars and set in rows to dry before being stored for use.

There was little "store" lye, so lye was made by putting wood ashes from the fire into a hopper or barrel outside, then sprinkling water over the ashes. After repeated skimming and stirrings, the waste ashes settled down to the bottom and the clear lye water was ready for use. Annie also used the lye water as a water softener and to scrub the floors and tables. It was quite hard on her hands because it was so harsh, but a little grease rubbed into the skin helped to soften it.

In the early 1860's, Hyrum took his family to the city to do some trading at Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. The children



CHURN AND DASHER

saw metal nails for the first time, in some discarded crates, and were allowed to fill their pockets. What precious things they could make with real nails! They counted every one and were excited beyond words to be gathering up these things they had heard about, but had never seen before.

Brigham Young advised his people to produce everything they consumed. Since it was against their principles to get into debt, they did not indulge in unnecessaries or luxuries.

Hyrum's family had two shoe lasts—a small one for the children's shoes and a large one, hand-carved from wood. He re-soled and mended them as long as possible. He made the children's shoes from the tops of worn-out boots. Soles were nailed to the uppers by the use of hardwood pegs made from scrub oak. One method the girls used in polishing the shoes, or at least blackening them, was to rub them with soot. It did a pretty good job.

Hyrum was amused one day when walking to Church with a friend who told him he was embarrassed by his daughters for they had blackened his shoes for a special Sunday session. He had gone out in the road and rubbed dust onto his shoes so he would not look fancy!

Hyrum and his sons learned to tan hides in vats by the use of lime and water. They mashed red pine bark for use as a coloring agent, using several additions and changes of bark until the hides were dark in color, then rubbed them with oil or bear grease until they were soft and pliable. Although it was the best they could do, the tanning was not thorough, and when the leather became wet it shrank out of shape, and became hard and wrinkled when dry.

The activities in Annie's and Hyrum's home were so varied that it became a private manufacturing center, and the family was self-reliant and efficient.

Grandmother's Album

Amy Viau

The album on the oval stand
In Grandmother's parlor, was very grand,
With plush-faced cover and clasp of gold,
To a little girl but five years old.

And Grandmother said the pictures within
The album were mostly of "our kin"—
But more than "our kin," they looked to me
Like strangers dressed for company.
Except my picture, in which I'd smiled
And looked just like an "our kin" child.
And when I told Grandmother this
She gave my cheek a little kiss.

My Grandmother handled the album with care
While we looked at it from the rocking chair;
And when she closed it with clasp in place,
She let me feel its smooth plush face.

LIZZIE McARTHUR, ST. GEORGE, UTAH

Hobbies Keep Her Young and Happy

LIZZIE McARTHUR, seventy-nine, is working on a new hobby which she began three years ago—ceramics and china painting. She models and decorates exquisite figurines, book ends, and novelty designs and paints and decorates vases, plates, clocks, cups and saucers, candy and cosmetic boxes, and many beautiful wall plaques. Her floral designs on these pieces are most carefully formed and beautifully tinted in raised petal arrangements.

Mrs. McArthur has been a skilful and gifted artisan since early girlhood. She began to sew at the age of fifteen and was noted in her community as a tailoress before the age of twenty-five. She supported herself and two children by following this profession while her husband fulfilled a mission. She is an expert quilter and is adept at all types of needlework, making embroidery designs, applique, crochet work, hooked rugs, and many other kinds of decorative household articles. She enjoys textile painting and has also done some excellent work in oil painting. While assisting her husband in operating a bakery, Mrs. McArthur learned the art of cake decorating and is skilled in this exacting art, having made hundreds of birthday and wedding cakes.

She is the mother of six children, nineteen grandchildren, and fifteen great-great-grandchildren. She is still active in Relief Society work, serving as a visiting teacher, in which capacity she has acted for more than fifty years.

The Fried Shirt

Mary C. Martineau

JOHN TUTTLE just would not wear his fried shirt to the ward sociable—no matter what his wife Esther said. She felt baffled, for pioneer men nearly always bent to the will of their wives in the matter of shirts and wore fried shirts on special occasions. But John would not.

He hated his fried shirt, and when Esther firmly got it ready for him to wear to the ward sociable, he simply rebelled, saying, "Esther, you've overstepped your bounds this time. I'd rather not go than put it on."

Now you have heard of work shirts, sports shirts, dress shirts, and stuffed shirts; but do you really know what a "fried shirt" was? Well, it was a white shirt whose bosom, neckband, and cuffs had been starched twice (once with cooked starch and once with cold starch) and then ironed by a determined pioneer woman wielding a big, black, sizzling hot flatiron until bosom, neckband, and cuffs took on an appearance of snowy, shiny elegance, and the stiffness of a suit of armor without the bending joints.

The collar for a fried shirt was separate. After being treated in the same manner as the shirt, it lay out stiff and straight until brought under control by collar buttons, a back one and a front one. The back button was the shorter, because it only had to reach through the holes in the neckband and collar, thus forming a connecting link between a man's back and his neck. The front button was longer, because it had to reach through both ends of the neckband and both ends of the collar in front, where it served as a sort of "king bolt" for the whole arrangement.

Esther told John he was contrary, and she always did have to make him put on his nice things. She also said that some men, not so nice looking as he, or in such a high position, put on their fried shirts gladly.

John replied it was all they had to do, but that he'd rather stay home than wear his! Of course, he couldn't stay home from meeting, for attending one's meetings and hearing the sermon preached on a Sunday, and then practicing what he heard the other six days of the week was what had brought him the reason to come to Utah. So, he always bowed to Esther's will on Sundays. But, he simply would not wear his fried shirt to the sociable.

They had two enlarged pictures hanging on the wall, one of Esther's father and one of John's father, both fine looking men! But, although each wore a full beard, Esther always imagined that everybody who looked at her father's picture noticed at a glance that he didn't wear a collar. It was a source of grief to Esther—but a joy to John now he was feeling contrary about the party. When Esther had had her father's picture enlarged the photographer had promised that he would add a collar and cravat, but

he hadn't. So Brother Johnson always looked down from the wall, minus a collar. John, however, took license from the picture now and then, and in this instance, said he'd wear his light shirt and no other to the party.

"If my light shirt is good enough to wear to town and to step into the bank in, it's good enough to wear to the party, and I'll not stir a step out of this house if you bring out that confounded fried shirt."

Esther answered, "All right, then, I'll wear my second-best dress!"

"Wear it, you always look good."

ESTHER knew that she was beaten, and it was with a heavy heart that she went to put the children to bed the night of the ward sociable. After hearing their prayers, tucking the quilts in around them, and kissing them goodnight, she carried the lamp into her own room. She set it down on the high side of the dresser and proceeded to get out her second-best dress. She'd show John for being so mean about such a little thing as a shirt!

Carefully she slipped the dress out of the top of her chest and spread it out on her white bedspread. It was a black brocaded cashmere and looked as somber as she felt. She had pressed her best dress in the afternoon. It was hanging demurely over the back of a straight chair to keep the wrinkles out. She tried not to look at it, but she could see it with her back turned, so to speak. It was of a deep maroon color, with a tight bodice and a gored skirt trimmed around the bottom with a narrow band of fur. Try as she would, she could not get herself to put on the black one. She didn't want to look second-best tonight.

When she heard the sleighbells jingle outside, she knew John had the team harnessed to the bobsleigh and was fastening the bells on the horses. Before she knew it she had slipped into the maroon dress, because—well, just because she did, and she was standing before the looking glass arranging her hair when John came in to dress.

She was always a glorious mystery to him, and now he paused to see which was prettier, her slender form from the back, with her dark hair combed high and the side combs he'd given her tucked in, or the face in the mirror, with its slight pallor contrasting with her shining dark eyes and the shade of her dress.

For a moment he weakened about wearing his fried shirt for her. Silent argument was almost too much for him. There lay the shirt in all its glory on the bed beside her second-best dress

But he weakened for only a moment or two. Who can say whether it was something about the bed's seeming the best place for it, or whether he suddenly remembered his desire not to be fenced in?

To Esther's sorrow, when he was dressed in his best suit and shining gaiter shoes, he had on his light shirt, with its soft collar. But, still, he did look handsome!

John felt guilty, for Esther was quiet when they got into the sleigh. She wouldn't sit down on the quilts and keep warm. She sat up on the side of the box beside him so as not to crush her dress. Her fascinator was over her head and looped around her neck, and her coat was buttoned up closely. The snow

squeaked with cold under the horses' feet as they started up the road to the meetinghouse. The fog was rolling up from the river, but the sleigh bells on the horses' backs rang out merrily as they trotted along.

AS soon as they entered the meetinghouse they took off their wraps and went straight to work. The long tables were being set with food, and more food was being carried in. When all was in readiness, John Tuttle, as presiding elder, sat at the head of the table with his wife Esther Tuttle beside him. John's counselors and their wives sat next, then more brothers and sisters, until all the company were seated, except a few young ladies and young men who were to wait on the tables.

The dinner began with John asking the blessing on the food. Just before he began all eyes were turned upon him; then all heads were bowed rather quickly. Elvirey Cash just couldn't resist peeking up again, and she nudged Josiah (who hadn't looked down yet—he just couldn't believe his own eyes—John's shirt!). As soon as Amen was said he whispered to Elvirey, "If I'd known that the presiding elder would wear a comfortable shirt, I'd have put mine on."

After the feast was over, the benches were pushed back against the wall, and the dancing began. Before long everyone was so warm that fried shirt bosoms and collars were melting on every side, for the floor was rather rough in spite of the wax that had been shaved off on it. Dancing was exercise as well as fun. Not everyone had gaiters on, like John Tuttle did, either.

It was Jim Tuttle, John's brother, who finally broke over the traces. He pulled his tie and collar off completely, and, looking knowingly at John, laid them on the table beside the lamp. Dell Perkins followed Jim's example; then came Joe Dally, who took his collar off—followed by the rest of the laughing crowd of men. As the fiddler struck up the tune, they led their partners onto the floor for the Virginia reel.

Esther and John danced to the center from the first corners and bowed to each other. "Smarty," whispered Esther.

"Coming in style," murmured John teasingly, and they danced back again.

As they danced to the center again and swung, John asked, "Aren't you glad I started the fashion?"

"No," she answered, but she was radiant, and she smiled.

Then John's heart was as light as his feet. Using his fanciest steps (and he knew some fancy ones), he danced down the center with her to form the arch.

Acknowledgment

Alice Whitson Norton

As I grow older, year by year,
More clearly do I see—
Man's measure of success depends
On what he wills to be.

SPEEDY CHOW SPAGHETTI

Courtesy National Cotton Council

- 1 8-ounce package thin spaghetti
- 3 quarts boiling water
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 2½-ounce jar dried beef
- 1 3½-ounce can mushrooms
- 1 8-ounce can kernel corn
- 1 8-ounce can peas

Sauce

- ¼ cup margarine
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 cup liquid from mushrooms, peas, corn
- 1 tall can evaporated milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Cook spaghetti in boiling water with 1 tablespoon salt until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain and rinse with hot water. Return to pan. Tear or cut dried beef into bits. Add to spaghetti. In small saucepan melt margarine. Add flour, stirring smooth. Gradually add vegetable liquids. (There should be 1 cup. If not, add water to make 1 cup.) Stir constantly. Add undiluted evaporated milk. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add mushrooms, corn, and peas, reserving a few for garnishing, if desired. Add salt and pepper. Taste to make sure this is enough salt. Pour sauce over spaghetti in pan. Toss all together lightly. Heat thoroughly and serve on hot butter. If preferred, the spaghetti mixture may be poured into a well-greased baking dish, sprinkled with grated or shredded cheese, and baked in a moderate oven (350° F.). This method will take about 30 minutes.

(makes 6 servings)

Children's Clothes

Winona S. Jensen

LITTLE ladies as well as big ones like to have that "just right" look in clothes. Here are some hints that may prove helpful in acquiring that look, especially if you are one of the smart mothers who have the joy of making their children's clothes.

It is well to decide upon the style you wish before you buy the material. The basic patterns are princess, straight skirt, or flared skirt; and, for sleeves, set-in ones, or kimono.

It pays to buy materials carefully. Always buy cottons that are fast color. Many cottons today are preshrunk. Should you choose one which is not, buy two or three extra inches per yard and shrink the material yourself before cutting. To shrink, fold the material to avoid wrinkles, thoroughly soak it in cold water for several hours, squeeze the water out (do not wring) and hang on a clothes line until almost dry, then press on the wrong side. Silks and rayons do not need to be shrunk, but should be pressed to remove creases before cutting.

Materials with a slick finish, such as chintz, glazed or highly mercerized, stay clean longer. Materials, both in yard goods and in finished dresses, labeled "non crush" or "crush resistant" are very practical. Materials requiring extra care are those that crush easily, such as chambray and handkerchief linen. Do not overlook the possibility of taffetas. They are as cheap, or cheaper, than some cottons and come in beautiful plaids and stripes. The darker ones can be used for school skirts and they hold up remarkably well. Velveteens and corduroys are sturdy, preferably for use as jumpers or skirts, so that they can be worn with various weight sweaters or blouses, depending on the temperature. Permanent starch in material for girls' dresses is very convenient to use and makes a lasting finish.

In making children's skirts, avoid the skirt that is either completely circular (cut in one piece) or cut in only two pieces (front and back). Use a pattern with four pieces (two front and two back). The reason for this is that all the pieces are then cut in the same direction, and the hems will remain straight, whereas, on the others, the skirt very soon will hang unevenly, due to the drop in the bias-cut portion. Washable, flared skirts are easier to iron than gathered ones. At a certain age, girls want skirts without straps. If the waistband is not quite tight, the skirt will droop, and if it is tight, it will be too tight after each meal. The best solution is to have the band fit loosely and then put an inch or two of elastic through it in the middle of the back. This method solves the problem in a very satisfactory way. In making a skirt, it is easy to put a pocket in the placket opening. This gives the child a pocket, saves a zipper, and is easy to fasten.

When a hem is let down and shows the former hemline, you may

either make a small tuck there or cover the line with rickrack, lace, binding, or whatever the dress is trimmed in. Or else you may wind some heavy crochet mercerized cotton on the bobbin, set the machine at its longest stitch and stitch over the line on the wrong side of the material. This results in a nice saddle stitch effect on the right side.

IF you are making a dress with a skirt cut on the straight of the goods, it is well to buy about one-fourth yard extra material. Then if you need to lengthen the dress, four inches may be added to the front and the back at the bottom of the skirt and the seam may be covered with trimming.

Most children wear their party dresses over a longer period of time than they do their school dresses. As a result, the waist usually becomes too high. If you are making a party dress, allow an extra inch or two in the length of the waist and let it drop down inside the skirt when sewing the skirt onto the blouse. Pre-teens, at present, like nylon net or a glittery nylon material for party dresses. Their desire for this glamor may be satisfied with inexpensive tulle or other fluffy material which may be made into a very full skirt and worn over an older party dress. A velvet ribbon waist band for the tulle skirt makes it even more dressy.

It is a good plan to avoid sewing a white trim on a dark dress. Make the white collars and cuffs removable. A nice linen or pique bow, which can be pinned at the neck, adds a light touch to a dark dress and is easily removed for laundering. Also, white plastic buttons brighten a dress and will not get as dirty as a white, unremovable collar will. White lace trim does not seem to soil as quickly as a material trim. In buying trimming for dresses, occasionally look in the upholstery department. Some fringes of this type are excellent for velveteens, and other materials which are to be sent to the cleaners. It is safer not to use upholstery trimmings on wash dresses, without first testing them.

Summer Lullabye

Dorothy J. Roberts

You were never less than a miracle to me.
Before I heard your new cry thread the corridor
My mind had burst its anesthesia-bolted door
To laugh and leap at birth's titanic ecstasy.
A hunger raced its chemical through every vein,
The longing for your minute hands' fragility,
For petal-fingers, curled and pink, to be
Entwined around my own hands' wanting once again.
You were always miracle—when darkness kept
Your night cry treasure for my mother ear alone,
And the sweet triangle of your features and the tone
Of your soft, quick baby breathing when at last you slept.
You are wonder to me now—brief, brown curls that nest—
Dark lashes, two butterflies, folded at my breast.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Eva R. Ellison

LETHBRIDGE STAKE (CANADA) BOOK OF MORMON READING PROJECT

Seated, at left: Jessie R. Ursenbach, who prepared the art work for the project; seated, at right: Gertrude F. Jensen, former President, Lethbridge Stake Relief Society.

Standing, left to right: Ellice LeBaron; Eva R. Ellison; Phyllis Miller; Leah Pankhurst; Eleanor Matkin; Clara Smith; Emily Anderson; Hilda P. Russell; Gertrude Webster; Grace Buchan.

Sister Eva R. Ellison reports that the Lethbridge Stake Relief Society "accelerated their Book of Mormon reading project by presenting in each ward a demonstration, part of which was the unrolling of a scroll representing the Stick of Joseph and the Stick of Judah. A painting of the Hill Cumorah, the Angel Moroni, and the Prophet Joseph Smith brought to mind the coming forth of the Book of Mormon in this dispensation. Stacks of books represented Books of Mormon to be read in our stake—one for each sister, and they were grouped according to ward membership. Members were urged to read the reading course as set forth by the general board, and, as a stake project, to read the complete book, or re-read it in 1952. As a sister read the complete book her name was inscribed on one of the books in her ward group."

Amelia P. Johansen is the new president of Lethbridge Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Leila G. Eldredge

BOUNTIFUL STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL SECOND WARD, TWELVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY March 17, 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Eva Collings; Mary Nelson; Ella Williams; Emma Riley; May Burns.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ella Smith; Marilla Sessions; Clara Mason; Viola Zwahlen; Zelma Duffin; Mabel Goodfellow; Thelma Gibson, present President, Bountiful Second Ward Relief Society.

Of the thirteen presidents of this ward Relief Society, twelve are still living and attended the social honoring them. The ward was organized in 1909, with Isabell Stringham (now deceased) as president.

Leila G. Eldredge is president of Bountiful Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elaine B. Curtis

COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 15, 1953

Seated at the right of the piano, left to right: Elaine B. Curtis, President, Cottonwood Stake Relief Society; Iola J. Peterson, chorister; Irene C. Lloyd, First Counselor.

Seated at the piano: pianist Bessie Jensen; at the organ, organist Louise S. Fox.

There are one hundred Singing Mothers in this photograph.

Photograph submitted by Annie J. Williams

GRANTSVILLE STAKE (UTAH) PAST AND PRESENT STAKE AND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL, March 17, 1952

Front row, left to right: Carrie Wrathall, Stake Relief Society President 1939-46; Maggie Anderson, Stake Relief Society President 1920-30, now deceased; Annie Williams, present Stake Relief Society President; Francis Hunter, Second Ward President, 1936-43.

Back row, left to right: Glenna Millward, Second Ward Relief Society President, 1951-52; Lillian Barrus, Second Ward Relief Society President, 1949-51; Ruth Rydalch, First Ward President, 1941——; Vinnie Anderson, Second Ward President, 1932-36; Dot Millward, Second Ward Relief Society President, 1925-32.

Under general direction of Mildred Broadbent, the program was arranged by Lucille B. Hammond and Louise R. Arbon.

Photograph submitted by Mabel M. Nalder

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, GOLDSBORO DISTRICT, FAYETTEVILLE (NORTH CAROLINA) RELIEF SOCIETY

Photograph taken at the Relief Society Bazaar, December 1952

Left to right: Reva Hansen; Peggy Terry; Second Counselor Carol Moseley; First Counselor Vellys Nelson; Margery Evans; Pat Terryl; Eunice Knecht; President Brentice Belche; Jean Gustavison; Secretary Mary Southerland; Fayetteville Branch President Leonard Southerland.

Hallie Bell Erwin is president of the Goldsboro District Relief Society, and Mabel M. Nalder is president of the Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruby W. Nielsen

BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH), GARLAND FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Standing, left to right: President Merle Linford; Counselors La Vern Brough and Lucille King. Leatha Michaelis, work meeting leader, was unable to be present when this photograph was taken.

This unusually successful bazaar was outstanding in the great variety and quality of articles displayed. Particularly beautiful were the quilts and the colorful aprons in both practical and fancy designs.

Photograph submitted by Ida S. Hendrickson

SNOWFLAKE STAKE (ARIZONA), JOSEPH CITY WARD OFFICERS AND VISITING TEACHERS, October 7, 1952

President Alice S. Hansen stands in the back row, at the left. Sister Hansen has served continuously as a Relief Society officer for twenty-five years, except for a period of two years, during illness. She has served as secretary, counselor, and president in her ward Relief Society. Clara H. Miller, Second Counselor, is seated in the front row, third from the left; First Counselor Esther Fuller (face hidden) stands in the back row, second from the right; Secretary Belle Tanner stands in the back row at the right.

Ida S. Hendrickson, retiring Stake Relief Society President, reports, with much

appreciation, the efforts of the sisters of the Joseph City Ward: "These visiting teachers are faithfully carrying on the traditions of the Joseph City Relief Society—100 per cent visiting teaching. Indeed, this ward is noted for long and faithful service. Since 1877 there have been only eight ward Relief Society presidents. Adele B. Westover served for twenty-four years. During the last twenty-five years the only time that visiting teaching has not been reported as 100 per cent was one time when the visits had actually been made, but the report came in late."

Jessie S. Baldwin is the new president of Snowflake Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ida L. Allen

YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO), RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN PRESENT "LAMANITE SONG OF THANKS" AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 17, 1953

Left to right: Lucy G. Bloomfield, composer of the "Lamanite Song of Thanks," and President of the Mancos Creek group; Gene Jack; Daisy Golbe, missionary; Opal Jack; Sister Woody, a Navajo; Sister Nish, missionary; Katherine Cleveland; Sister Clak; Grace Benally; Nadine Millet; Estelle W. Thomas, President of the Shiprock group; Grace Herring; Gertrude Jim. Three of the women whose faces cannot be seen are: Flora Butler; Julia Hill; Adelaide Bond. Altogether in the photograph, there are nine Navajo sisters and eight white sisters. The Navajo sisters are from San Juan, Shiprock, and Mancos Creek.

During the program, Sister Bloomfield made the following announcement: "Before we sing the "Lamanite Song of Thanks," I would like to tell you a little story. Sister Mary Jumbo of Toadlena, New Mexico, said she planted a red rosebush by her house, and when it blossomed she gathered a bouquet, but it did not look very well, being just red roses. So she planted a white rosebush, and when they both blossomed she gathered a bouquet of both red and white roses into one bunch, and it was beautiful. I am happy to present to our President (Ida L. Allen, President, Young Stake Relief Society) this basket of red and white roses, a symbol of the bouquet of red and white sisters who will now sing. But before we sing, may I present to you the youngest member of the Relief Society, Lilika Honahni, four years old (the child seen at the right of the organ), who has sewed on fifty-seven quilts at Mancos Creek, and many at Shiprock."

Photograph submitted by Eva C. Taylor

EASTERN STATES MISSION, YORK (PENNSYLVANIA) BRANCH BAZAAR AND DOLL EXHIBIT

October 31 and November 1, 1952

An outstanding feature of this unique bazaar was an exhibit of dolls, which included the collection of Velma McKay Paul (more than 700 dolls), as well as six other collections. Dollhouse furnishings of several periods were shown and also beautiful specimens of doll furniture and antique carriages. Ceramics, hand-woven articles, wood carvings, water color paintings, and Christmas decorations were sold at the bazaar. The illustration shows the china-headed dolls made by Mrs. Paul, copied from antique dolls in her collection.

Officers of the York Branch Relief Society are: President Sylvia E. Palsgrove; First Counselor Anna May Strayer; Second Counselor N. Hazel Matthews; Secretary-Treasurer Fae L. Anstine.

Eva C. Taylor is president of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Emily S. Romish

WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), POCATELLO TENTH WARD PRESENTS EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM ON MEXICO AND THE LAMANITE PEOPLE

Seated at the left: Gladys Merrill; seated at the right: Lucille Hancock.

Front row, standing, left to right: Stella Wright; Evelyn Thornock; Jennie Robbins, First Counselor; Mary Hedin, President; Alta Young, Second Counselor; Lucy Wardle; Edna Toombs.

Back row, standing, left to right: Jane Cox; Beth Freeman; Rosella Talbot; Connie Jensen; Margaret Babcock; Verdene Gibbons; Alice Olson; Bessie Johansen; Idalia Huff.

The purpose of this program was to present some interesting highlights and background of The Book of Mormon, with pictures of the ruins in Old Mexico. Mexican love songs, a short travelogue, and a display of Mexican handwork added to the interest of the occasion. Seventy-one women enjoyed the program and dinner.

Emily S. Romish is president of West Pocatello Stake Relief Society.

Housewife's Song

Genevieve Groen

Work-a-day blues were not meant for me;
I catch the lilt of a morning bird's spree.
The white of my neighbor's wash on the line
Is a joyous reminder to hurry with mine.
On days when the cleaning and shopping are done,
I sit with my boy in the noonday sun.
He finds all the bugs and brings them to me—
That I don't enjoy them is easy to see.
From Monday's yard filled with clean-smelling clothes,
Till Sunday's meeting in polished church rows,
Let me live a life of well-metered rhyme,
And break not one spoke in my wheel of time.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 17—Jacob and His Teachings

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: The Book of Jacob)

For Tuesday, October 6, 1953

Objective: To gain an appreciation of the teachings of Jacob.

PRIOR to his death, Nephi anointed a king over the people. Because of the devotion of the people to Nephi, they named succeeding kings after him, Second Nephi, Third Nephi, and so forth.

Those who were friendly to Nephi and his cause were called Nephites; and those who sought to destroy the people of Nephi were called Lamanites. For a clear understanding of Book of Mormon history, we ought to remember always that the Lamanites are not necessarily descendants of Laman and Lemuel, and that the Nephites are not always descendants of Nephi and other righteous progenitors. The people who accepted and lived the gospel were Nephites; those who rejected this course of action were Lamanites. (See Jacob 1:14.)

Nephi not only stabilized political affairs in his kingdom before his death, but he also took definite action regarding the engraving and preserving of the small plates of Nephi. He handed them to his brother Jacob, many of whose teachings were given in lesson 16. He was ordained a priest and a teacher to the people, and was instructed by Nephi to engrave on this record a few of the things he considered most precious — their preaching which was sacred, their great revelations and prophecies. Jacob wrote that they had the spirit of prophecy, and that they had received many revelations, resulting in their knowing of Christ and his kingdom which should come.

Jacob and others labored diligently to persuade their people to accept this message and to live in accordance with it. Like their brother, Nephi, Jacob and Joseph had faith in the coming of Christ, and took upon themselves the responsibility, answering the sins of the people upon their own heads if they did not teach them the word of God with all diligence.

Jacob was a great teacher. He taught the Nephites the words of his father, Lehi, and the scriptures

on the brass plates. His brother Nephi had consecrated him, and Nephi himself tells us that Jacob saw the Redeemer even as Nephi saw him (2 Nephi 11:2-3).

Jacob Calls People to Repentance

During the reign of the second king, many men began to "indulge themselves somewhat in wicked practices, such as like unto David of old desiring many wives and concubines, and also Solomon, his son" (Jacob 1:15). They also searched greedily for gold and silver and developed a spirit of haughtiness and pride. Jacob knew that these sins would bring about the moral deterioration of his people.

Having first obtained his errand from the Lord, Jacob was told to go to the temple and give the people the word of God. Jacob was constrained because of the strict commandment he had received from God, to call the men to repentance and admonish them in the presence of their wives and children. He told the audience that he felt reluctant to do so, for he knew the feelings of many of the wives and children were tender, chaste, and delicate before God, and "instead of feasting upon the pleasing word of God have daggers placed to pierce their souls and wound their delicate minds" (Jacob 2:9).

On Obtaining Riches

Jacob declared:

> . . . Many of you have begun to search for gold, and for silver, and for all manner of precious ores. . . . And the hand of providence hath smiled upon you most pleasingly, that you have obtained many riches; and because some of you have obtained more abundantly than that of your brethren ye are lifted up in the pride of your hearts, and wear stiff necks and high heads because of the costliness of your apparel, and persecute your brethren because ye suppose that ye are better than they (Jacob 2:12-13).

That the wealthy might understand fully their responsibility with their riches, Jacob said:

> Think of your brethren like unto yourselves, and be familiar with all and free with your substance, that they may be rich like unto you (Jacob 2:17).

Jacob did not discourage the acquisition of wealth. It was the love of money for itself, with no intent to use it for the benefit of others that Jacob condemned. He knew that ill-gotten gain, and wealth hoarded as an end in itself, canker the souls of men.

Jacob did more, however, than criticize base means of acquiring wealth and base ends in its use. He offered a positive program:

> But before ye seek for riches, seek ye for the kingdom of God. And after ye have obtained a hope in Christ ye shall obtain riches, if ye seek them; and ye will seek them for the intent to do good—to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and administer relief to the sick and the afflicted (Jacob 2:18-19).

On Pride

Jacob's discussion of pride was closely articulated with his discussion of wealth, for he felt that the pride of the Nephites was a result of their affluence. Directing his remarks specifically to those who had afflicted their neighbors, and persecuted them because of their own pride, Jacob submitted a rhetorical question, "Do ye not suppose that such things are abominable unto

him who created all flesh?" (Jacob 2:21). He then called their attention to the fact that one being is as precious in the sight of God as another.

On Chastity

After chiding his hearers for their improper use of wealth and for their pride, Jacob remonstrated with them concerning a greater sin:

> For behold, thus saith the Lord: This people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the scriptures, for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were written concerning David, and Solomon his son (Jacob 2:23).

He then told the people that the Lord had led Lehi and his followers from Jerusalem for the purpose of raising up unto himself a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. For this reason, Jacob pointed out, God would not suffer that this people should do like unto them of old. He gave them a command from the Lord:

> For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none; For I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me (Jacob 2:27-28).

These commandments had been given to Lehi, and the people had known them before. (See Jacob 2:34.)

Jacob recorded the following:

> For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things (Jacob 2:30).

Jacob declared that the Nephites had committed greater iniquities than the Lamanites, and that God would use them as a scourge against the Nephites, except they repented. He urged his people not to revile the Lamanites, because of the darkness of their skins or their filthiness, but to remember their own filthiness.

Jacob then told his people why the Lamanites would not be destroyed but the Lord would be merciful unto them and one day they would become a blessed people:

> Behold, the Lamanites your brethren, whom ye hate because of their filthiness and the cursing which hath come upon their skins, are more righteous than you; for they have not forgotten the commandment of the Lord, which was given unto our fathers—that they should have save it were one wife, and concubines they should have none, and there should not be whoredoms committed among them.
>
> And now, this commandment they observe to keep; wherefore, because of this observance, in keeping this commandment, the Lord God will not destroy them, but will be merciful unto them; and one day they shall become a blessed people (Jacob 3:5-6).

Zenos' Allegory of Tame and Wild Olive Tree

After warning his people against fornication and lasciviousness, Jacob asked a pertinent question concerning the Jews, and then answered it. "How is it possible that these [the Jews], after having rejected the sure foundation [the Christ], can ever build upon it, that it may become the head of their corner?" (Jacob 4:17).

In answering this question, Jacob retold from Zenos the allegory of the tame and the wild olive tree. The tame tree and its fruit were preserved by means of grafting wild

branches onto the tame tree, and of grafting tender branches onto wild trees. Ultimately, the tame branches were grafted into the mother tree, the tame tree, and the fruit thereof was good. By grafting, and by burning and destroying the bad branches, the Lord of the vineyard preserved that which was good. Like unto the Lord of the vineyard, Jacob told his people, the Lord of heaven will set his hand a last time to recover the tribes of Israel, thus answering the question he had asked concerning the Jews, a part of the house of Israel.

Calling his people to repentance, Jacob asked:

> After ye have been nourished by the good word of God all the day long, will ye bring forth evil fruit, that ye must be hewn down and cast into the fire? (Jacob 6:7).

Sherem

Jacob relates, near the end of his book, the story of Sherem a man who was an anti-Christ. Because of the facility with which he could use the language, Sherem flattered the people, and persuaded many that Christ would not come. Feeling that he could convince Jacob, Sherem presented his arguments directly to him and even accused Jacob of blasphemy. Jacob, filled with the Spirit of the Lord, confounded Sherem in all his words. Finally, Sherem demanded, "Show me a sign by this power of the Holy Ghost in the which ye know so much."

Jacob answered:

> What am I that I should tempt God to show unto thee a sign in the thing which thou knowest to be true? . . . Nevertheless, not my will be done; but if God shall smite thee, let that be a sign unto thee that he has power, both in heaven and in earth; and also, that Christ shall come (Jacob 7:14).

The power of God came upon Sherem and he fell to the earth. After many days, Sherem, from a sick bed, called the people together and denied the things he had taught the people and "confessed the Christ, and the power of the Holy Ghost, and the ministering of angels," and then Sherem died. "Peace and the love of God was restored again among the people; and they searched the scriptures, and hearkened no more to the words of this wicked man" (Jacob 7:23).

Jacob sought to have the gospel taken to the Lamanites, but they delighted in war and bloodshed and had an eternal hatred for the Nephites. Instead of taking the gospel to them, the Nephites found it necessary to fortify themselves in order to avoid invasion.

Jacob Entrusts Records to Enos

Almost at the conclusion of his book, Jacob records:

> I have written according to the best of my knowledge, by saying that the time passed away with us, and also our lives passed away like as it were unto us a dream, we being a lonesome and a solemn people, wanderers, cast out from Jerusalem, born in tribulation, in a wilderness, and hated of our brethren, which caused wars and contentions; wherefore, we did mourn out our days (Jacob 7:26).

When Jacob saw that he must soon go down to his grave, he gave the small plates to his son Enos and told him the things which his brother Nephi had commanded him in relation to them and Enos promised to obey the commandments.

Like Paul the apostle and like Joseph Smith, Jacob was loyally devoted to the cause of Christ. He gave with great energy and ability a full measure of devotion to God. From the beginning of his career to the end, he encouraged his people to apply gospel principles to their lives and to reap a reward of peace and tranquility of soul. Yet, despite all this, he lived to see his people "mourn out" their days.

Suggested Readings

Smith, Joseph F.: *Gospel Doctrine*, The Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1920, pp. 386-388.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why are we encouraged to seek first the kingdom of God, and then riches?
2. What premium does Jacob place on chastity?
3. Is pride one of the besetting sins of our civilization?
4. What is your impression of Jacob?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 17—"But Before Ye Seek for Riches, Seek Ye for the Kingdom of God" (Jacob 2:18)

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 6, 1953

Objective: To point out that the pursuit of riches should be secondary to seeking the kingdom of God.

LIFE is made up of an endless series of choices and decisions. To make the decisions wisely, we must first seek the kingdom of God (the Church). It is extremely important to have the strength of character to make decisions in harmony with the kingdom of God. Such decisions will keep us constantly moving in the right direction.

As mothers we have a sacred obligation not only to see that our own lives conform to the right pattern, but to give careful direction and guidance to our children.

A young father who was asked to be assistant scoutmaster in his ward, answered, "I'm sorry, but if I am ever going to get ahead financially, I will have to concentrate on it now. Until my business is running along smoothly, I just won't have time to devote to anything else. Perhaps later." Twenty years later he died, still having taken no part in building up the kingdom of God.

Many young people attending college decide that in order to do justice to their studies, they must temporarily give up all Church activity. They point out that after their schooling is completed, and they are launched on their careers, then they will resume their religious activities. However, service in the Church cannot be put off at will, as we might a cloak. It is not something to resume after seemingly more pressing matters are finished.

Wrong habits may be formed in less time than it takes to complete a college course. Another way of life may, by then, have become deep seated. We do not know how long we may be here on earth to prove our good intentions. Those who keep the commandments of God as they continue with their studies, are indeed wise.

The quotation, as given above, from The Book of Mormon continues:

> After ye have obtained a hope in Christ ye shall obtain riches, if ye seek them; and ye will seek them for the intent to do good—to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and administer relief to the sick and the afflicted (Jacob 2:19).

There are many who have acquired riches, who have also kept the kingdom of God foremost in their lives. To seek riches is good as long as that ambition is secondary in one's life, and if the riches are sought with the intent to do good. Brigham Young said:

> Wealth brings happiness only when used for the gospel—All the real business we have on hand is to promote our religion . . . . Men and women who are trying to make themselves happy in the possession of wealth or power will miss it, for nothing short of the gospel of the Son of God can make the inhabitants of the earth happy, and prepare them to enjoy heaven here and hereafter. . . . The question will not arise with the Lord, nor with the messengers of the Almighty, how much wealth a man has got but how has he come by his wealth and what will he do with it (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 313-315, 1946 edition).

President David O. McKay has said:

> The true aim of life is seeking spiritual development, rather than seeking after wealth and worldly things.

The Lord will truly bless us if we seek his kingdom above all else. We will then be at peace with the world and ourselves. The Doctrine and Covenants points out "He that hath eternal life is rich" (D. & C. 11:7).

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 1—Children's Spending

Rhea H. Gardner

(For Tuesday, October 13, 1953)

PARENTS desire happiness for their children. If it could be handed to them in a packet, especially at the time in life when children leave the protective influence of home and parents, it would be comparatively easy. Some parents have thought they were doing this when they have given them money, however, money can bolster or block happiness. It bolsters by buying necessities and making it possible for some of our fondest wishes to come true. It blocks the flow of happiness when it causes worry, envy, and greed. An important rea-

son for teaching children the value of money is to help them see it in its true perspective in their lives. They need help in learning what money cannot buy as well as what it can buy.

To teach children to use money so that it will bolster their own happiness as well as that of others, is a major responsibility of parenthood. Most of the seeds that result in an erroneous attitude toward money are sown in the early years of life and are closely associated with children's early experiences in handling money.

Attitudes toward money are developed when parents give children a small amount of money to handle in the form of a regular allowance. Child guidance teachers agree that a child should be given an allowance as soon as he shows a persistent need for money. Spending money properly is an important part of his nurture, just as certain food elements are. When the need of an allowance comes in the development of your child, talk the matter of it over with him. Decide on a plan for giving him an allowance, even though the amount is only a few cents a week. It is important that children understand that the allowance is a share in the family income. For it they may be expected to share in responsibilities about the home, farm, or other place of business, and to take part in matters of concern to the entire family, depending upon the size of the allowance.

Before giving your child an allowance be sure he understands:

1. How much money is going to be received and when.
2. What items it must cover.
3. What his responsibility will be in spending the money.

Giving children money as a result of begging and coaxing, throws away an excellent educational opportunity. Instead of learning to plan and spend wisely on an allowance, children learn to associate cajolery and even subterfuge with the whole matter.

There are usually mistakes made by children in the early stages of handling money. Trial and error are necessary in all kinds of learning. Taking consequences of extravagance at six or seven, however, is likely to be less costly than making mistakes ten or twelve years later. A child will not spend money as would an adult, but before calling a purchase "foolish," be sure you are not judging by your own standards, but by your child's. As long as he spends only the money given in an allowance, let him have freedom to choose how it will be spent, even though it may mean making mistakes and having regrets. The privilege of having some money to spend as one wishes, helps to satisfy a real need children have for independence. If the amount of the allowance has been matched to the age and abilities of the child, and if he understands that when it is gone there will be no more until next pay day, there will likely be few mistakes made by him.

Most children need much understanding help before they learn how to use their money to get both the things they *need* and the things they *want*. Frequent and friendly discussions at home and guidance in making decisions when a purchase is about to be made, will help in the

development of sound judgment and the right sense of value. This is also a very opportune time to teach the principle of tithing to your children. Help them to understand from the very beginning that one-tenth belongs to their Heavenly Father.

Some parents feel that they have done their duty when they have succeeded in teaching their children to save part of their income. There is no doubt of the virtue in teaching a child to save, but saving money for its own sake is not the best policy. Children should understand what they are saving for. Saving, then, is regarded as planned spending, and is a very worthwhile practice. The six, seven, or eight-year-old can only be expected to save for goals he can reach in a few weeks. After all, that is a long while to him, for he lives in the present and likes to see results soon.

Children need to learn to spend as well as to save. Both are educational, but wise spending is harder to learn and harder to teach than is saving. Children who have learned to think straight about spending and saving have a better chance for happiness all through life.

As they grow older, children should be frankly told the limits of family expenditures and consulted when a choice has to be made. Let them help decide what the family income should buy and what could best be postponed. They may be asked to help decide whether mother or father should have a new coat, or if they should get a new bicycle, if there is only enough money for one.

To learn early the value and profitable use of money is one of the greatest securities for future contentment and an indispensable spur to individual initiative and ambition. When a child is allowed to handle his own earnings, count his dollars, and decide what he can and cannot do with them, and have a part in deciding for what the family income should be spent, he is well on the way toward a realization of values, monetary and otherwise, that are essential for complete maturity and happiness in living. He automatically learns to think of the needs of others, as well as of himself, when he has money to spend.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. How does the use of the family income directly influence the atmosphere within the home?
2. How does the manner in which children obtain and use their income influence their behavior and character?

Song to My Love

Grace Sayre

Never to speak the name that to me is dearest
Or tell the dream of you in my heart, that is nearest;
Never to acquiesce that one and one only
Can keep the hungry heart from being lonely,
Never to speak of these, these lovely things,
But hold to remembered happiness, lest it take wings.
Never . . . and yet the sound of your dear name
Can surge through my heart and burst into flame.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 33—The Maturing Tennyson (1809-1892)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 593-654)

For Tuesday, October 20, 1953

Objective: To relate Tennyson's early poetry to the growing man living in a complex period of conflict and change.

IT seems imperative to begin a study of Victorian literature with Tennyson. He was the most popular poet in England for almost fifty years and he most nearly gave expression to the thought and feeling of his contemporaries.

In an age when the prestige of organized religion was on the wane, Tennyson deliberately and sincerely prepared himself to become poet-prophet to the English people.

By thus giving the Victorians what they wanted, Tennyson was overwhelmingly lionized by his age; he received a constant stream of gifts, while curiosity seekers at his estate used any subterfuge to hear his musical voice or procure an autograph. A devout pilgrimage of nobility, high society, and the dominant minds came to his parlor, there to hear the master himself read from his writings, particularly from his favorite, "Maud."

And what the Victorians most desperately wanted, with doubt so painful and belief so hard to maintain, was a representative voice proclaiming certainty and acceptably compromising the devastating conflicts of the times. In his maturity that voice was Tennyson's. But before he could "arrive," he himself had much growing and changing, doubting and affirming to do. And like many Englishmen, Tennyson spent his life attempting to resolve various conflicts which arose during his youth, with varying degrees of success.

Events of Tennyson's Life

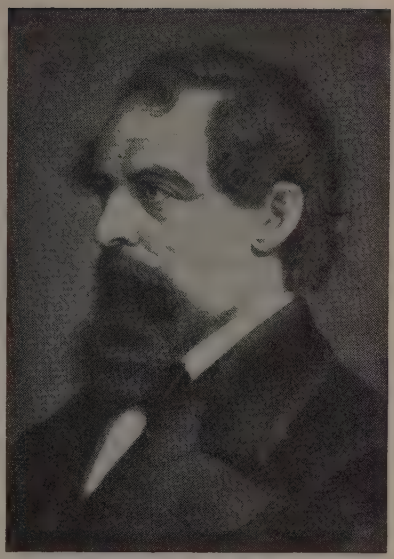
The skeleton events of his life can be presented in a paragraph (see text, pp. 593-596). Born in 1809, Tennyson was reared in the country in a literary, ministerial home. He wrote his first poetry at five. He failed to graduate from Cambridge, but was deeply influenced by The Apostles, a group of student intellectuals, particularly by his dearest friend Arthur Hallam, whose premature death in 1833 was the great wound in Tennyson's entire life.

In 1832, Tennyson ventured to share his inmost self with the world by publishing his poems. To this aspiring, sensitive youth the result was staggering. The reviewers pounced fiercely upon his poems for their feeble thought and over-rich mood, while the reading public not only scorned his affected style, they began laughing at him! Tennyson was brokenhearted, and published

nothing for ten years. Not long afterward he thought he could detect that his eyes were failing. In 1837 he and the family for which he was now responsible were turned out of Somersby Rectory where he was born. At about the same time he became engaged to Emily Sellwood, but being a poor man and an unsuccessful poet, he could not think of marriage. Apparently, in desperation, he sold all his worldly goods and invested all his money, along with some funds from his family, in a Patent Decorative Carving Company, which left Tennyson destitute when it failed. For six months he was so ill that his family despaired of his life. Both financially and emotionally he was saved by a government pension of two hundred pounds. The tide turned when, in 1842, he published a volume containing "Locksley Hall," "Ulysses," "Break, Break, Break." He soon had a wide reading public who recognized his great technical skill, rich imagination, and moral loftiness.

In 1850 his engagement of thirteen years ended in a happy marriage to Emily Sellwood; he published his greatest work "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate. Tennyson was acknowledged as the leading poet of England, with Carlyle, Dickens, Elizabeth Barrett, Thackeray, and Browning among his friends.

In 1869 he built a home, Aldworth in Surrey, where he lived in seclusion until his death in 1892. Almost yearly he made a tour to some spot in Europe, and, in 1884, while touring the Scandinavian countries with his friend Gladstone, he cancelled two earlier refusals and



A Perry Picture
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ALFRED TENNYSON
(1809-1892)

accepted a peerage, "for the sake of literature." He voted twice in the House of Lords, but never spoke. After 1850 he wrote constantly, the output of his last twenty years of life being tremendous, and of excellent quality. At sixty he began learning Hebrew, preparing to write a poetic version of Job; at sixty-three he scaled a high mountain, and at eighty he waltzed vigorously. He was busy writing until the end. After a tremendous public funeral, signifying nation-wide mourning, he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Tennyson's Temperament

In relating the three central poets of the time to each other, Tennyson stands between Robert Browning, who ignored the contemporary

world and turned to past ages to create rich characterization, and Matthew Arnold, who saw in contemporary England cause for stoic resignation. Tennyson completely lacked Browning's vibrant optimism, nor did he, with Arnold, despair of hope in traditional English values. But from his earliest years his characteristic mood was one of solemn melancholy and depression. In these moments of loneliness he doubted his poetic ability, his place in the actual world about him, and the final destiny of his soul. These misgivings seem to have dominated his inner life until, after seventeen years, he published "In Memoriam," in 1850, which expressed his problems and solutions in poetic form. "In Memoriam" will be studied in our next lesson. At present, let us concern ourselves with the developing Tennyson previous to its publication.

The Great Transition

One might well wonder why Tennyson was laughed at in 1832, yet widely acclaimed in 1842. In this decade, which had changed: Tennyson's poetry, or the tastes of the reading public? Really, both.

During the 1830's there was a great slump in the prestige of poetry, much the same as we have today. The public reacted to the excesses of romanticism: the wild passionate outbursts of Byron, Keats' exclusive concern with sensuous beauty, Shelley's musical rhythms. Now the public wanted poetry to give them noble precept and moral truths which would sustain them in their grapplings with change and doubt.

Naturally the young Tennyson, whose true poetic genius lay in his lyrics and in his musical, descriptive powers, was dominated by Byron and Keats in his earlier writings. It was The Apostles at Cambridge who first pointed out to him that he could no longer live by beauty alone; that poetry should teach moral and spiritual truths which would fill the need of common men. When Tennyson finally saw the truth of this observation, and, to the less excessive beauty and music of his new poetry he added moral teachings and exemplary heroic figures, his success was assured. But in giving himself more to representing the Victorian values, he came to exclude his exquisite lyrical powers from his poetry. This is to be regretted, since to our generation Tennyson, the poet, speaks to us most truly and purely in his few lyrics lifted from larger, now discarded works.

Poems of 1832

From the publication of his first poems to the present day, Tennyson's rare skill at creating mood and melody has been recognized as one of his virtues and, more often in our day, as one of his disquieting weaknesses. In his lyrics particularly, and to an extent in *Idylls of the King*, this gift is more controlled, but in "The Lady of Shalot," and "The Palace of Art," almost every stanza is so smothered in dazzling, sensuous imagery, over-sweetened with rhyme and alliteration, that it is difficult to free oneself from its spell and actually read the poem without being constantly derailed. For example,

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.

* * * * *

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot . . . .

(text, page 598)

The air of eerie mystery and the sentimental treatment of death further tend to make "The Lady of Shalot" a mood-piece, and of slight substance. It was this contrived artificiality which repelled, and which repels, those readers who feel smothered by it. A stanza from "Oenone" (e no ne) contains writing both good and bad:

O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
The purple flower droops, the golden bee
Is lily-cradled; I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

(text, page 600)

The first two lines, repeated in substance nineteen times in the poem, now seem sentimental and posed, as do the last three lines, with their love and world weariness. "The golden bee is lily-cradled" is over-refined. But in the middle lines of the stanza Tennyson has skillfully caught the barren langour of noonday, particularly in

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.

Because in "The Lotus-Eaters" (page 608) Tennyson has so happily married a rich, languorous mood to similar substance (particularly in the first stanza of "Choric Song"), it achieves a successful artistic unity, and therefore is too famous to merit extended comment.

Poems of 1842

In direct contrast to "The Lotus-Eaters" is Tennyson's "Ulysses" (page 612), also on a classical theme. Just as the first poem shows the romantic influence, so "Ulysses" mirrors Tennyson's new values of moral strength, direction, and belief in progress. This poem is a lofty, sustained statement of a great man who, having "suffered greatly" in his wanderings still expects to fulfill his desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

* * * * *

To sail beyond the sunset . . . until I die.

(text, page 612, line 31 ff.)

The final lines contain the belief in self, the hope, and the unflinching resolution which the Victorians so urgently desired to hear. Though spoken by classical Ulysses, these words apply directly to Tennyson's England:

Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

(text, page 613, lines 65-70)

The two "Locksley Hall" poems, written forty-four years apart, neatly, hastily catalogue the Victorian mind. The aspirations are not truly lofty; the condemnations seem expected rather than irresistible convictions sprung from a mature soul. The first poem tells of a woman's "duty" to man (lines 50 ff.), mildly condemns financial greed and international dissension (lines 105-106), then dreams of inevitable progress with a wealth of air-commerce, eternal peace, and the federation of the world. The present, Tennyson finds unsatisfying, despite his conviction that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs" (line 136). He proposes romantic escape to a tropical isle, there to rear a dusky race free of all social restraint, law, and books. But suddenly realizing the irresponsibility of his attitude, he cries:

Not in vain the distance beacons.
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever
down the ringing grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we
sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle
of Cathay.
(text, page 618, lines 181-184)

The second poem expresses disbelief in endless Truth, Goodness, Progress (lines 71-78), the Church (83ff.), Democracy (90, 114), Freedom (128), modern fiction (141 ff.), Science (163), an ideal, warless world (164 ff.), Evolution as cure-all (199), and social justice (218 ff.) However, in contrast to the evils and unfulfilled promises, the highest in man is still divine; therefore

Follow Light, and do the Right—for
man can half-control his doom . . .
Forward . . . Love will conquer at the last.
(text, page 626, lines 277 ff.)

Even in this statement of the ideal, man only "half-controls" his doom, and his conquest by love is presented most sketchily. The reader is left unconvinced, nor is he at all sure that Tennyson was convinced either.

Lyrics from "The Princess"

The immortal glory of Tennyson is to be experienced in his occasional lyrics. Here is "pure" poetry, effortlessly, magically done. Nothing intrudes; nothing is lacking. If there is lyrical perfection in our language, surely it is exemplified in "Sweet and Low," "Tears, Idle Tears," and "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal." Here form, image, substance and tone are blended into one exquisite oneness. What better note for ending the lesson than to read to the group your favorites or have class members recite their favorite quotations?

Suggestions to Class Leaders

The singing of "Sweet and Low," "Crossing the Bar," or other of Tennyson's poems which have been set to music would enrich the class period.

Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss Tennyson as a transitional poet; as a Victorian.
2. Who were The Apostles? What was their influence on Tennyson?
3. What do you find in Tennyson of enduring value?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 1—Man's Struggle for Freedom

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, October 27, 1953

Objective: To show that the struggle for liberty and freedom began even before man's earth life, and that freedom and liberty are essential to man's progress.

GOD said to Moses in ancient times, "This is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:39). The plan to accomplish this noble purpose was conceived and agreed upon long before the Lord spoke these divine words to Moses. In order to achieve the purpose, it was first ordained that the spirit children of God should come upon an earth to be created and prepared for them, and take upon themselves a mortal life. An earth life, therefore, was an essential requirement of the plan. Another requirement was that man should achieve the condition of immortality and eternal life by free and willing obedience to the commandments of God.

Free Agency Indispensable to Progress

God, in his infinite wisdom, knew that free agency was indispensable to the progress of man on the road to the realization of his high destiny. It was decreed in the beginning that no man should be brought back into the presence of God by force. Satan's proposal to save all men, whether or not they would be saved, was rejected. A first great battle for freedom was fought in that pre-existent state.

Satan's punishment for attempting to enslave the human soul and retain the honor and glory of the Father for himself, was banishment from the presence of God and the denial of any participation in an earth life. This punishment meted out to Satan and all his followers was terrible and devastating in its consequences. Is it not, therefore, apparent, that one of the most serious crimes in the sight of God is to deny man his free agency or to destroy such free agency?

It must necessarily follow that if freedom is of such vast importance to mankind, then God himself is interested in the institutions of freedom. He tells us in plain and unmistakable language in the Doctrine and Covenants that it is his will that men shall be free to choose for themselves, wherein he said, "Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another" (D. & C. 101:79).

One might have supposed that when the great issue over free agency was decided by the great struggle or war in heaven, that this issue would have been settled for all time. Such, however, was not to be the case. On the contrary, Satan was cast out of heaven and came

to earth to tempt men, and the alternatives of good and evil were decreed to be placed before the children of men. Therefore, it should not be surprising that perhaps the most diabolical efforts of Satan have been directed toward the enslavement of mankind. Slavery and dictatorship are weapons of evil.

Inherent Desire for Freedom

While all memory of the preexistence is blotted out of man's consciousness at birth, it is, of course, only natural that man brought with him into his earth life a personality formed and molded in that other sphere. One of the instinctive and inherent attributes of man accompanying him into this life is a desire for individual freedom and liberty. This desire has found expression in the ceaseless struggle that has gone on, since the beginning, by men to attain that happy condition. By and large, only a relatively few have ever enjoyed this great blessing. The history of man is replete with the story of slavery and serfdom, oppression and tyranny. It is a sad story of unhappiness and frustration.

On earth, this struggle began at least as early as Nimrod, who, some say, caused the great tower to be built and required all men to serve him. We are told that he had a kingdom (Genesis 10). Since that time countless millions have lived and died and have never known anything but oppression.

Wickedness Brings Enslavement

Since individual freedom and agency is God's plan, and notwithstanding this fact, so many have never enjoyed its blessings, it is only natural to inquire the reason why so many men have been forced to live and die without it. In the beginning with Father Adam the children of men were free and there were no tyrants. It seems that the answer to this query lies in the wickedness that crept in among the people. We are told that in the days of Noah this wickedness became such that God repented the creation of men and caused all mankind to be destroyed except Noah and his family. Noah, like Adam before him, thus became the father of the human family. It is, therefore through wickedness and evil that men lose liberty, that Satan is enabled to raise up tyrants and oppressors to torment men and to enslave them. The struggle for freedom seems to be inextricably connected with a struggle to overcome evil.

Freedom Difficult to Regain

Once gone, freedom is very difficult to regain. Witness the plight of the children of Israel in Egypt, the many captivities suffered by Israel and the Jews, and the long struggles which went on to regain the precious God-given state of freedom. In each case enslavement followed wickedness and a refusal to follow the teachings of God.

The struggle of men for freedom not only went on in very ancient times, it also continued on into the centuries immediately preceding and following the birth of Christ. Likewise, it goes on today. Speaking of our own times, we in our own generation have witnessed the rise of perhaps the most corrupt and

wicked dictatorships of all time. Surely, after what we have been compelled to experience and see in our own day, we are in no position to point with superior scorn at the tyrannies of the past. We see this very day millions of our fellow human beings denied the most fundamental, basic rights of liberty. We see perpetrated in the name of the State excesses in oppression which beggar all description.

Righteousness, Safeguard of Free Agency

As has heretofore been pointed out, enslavement and dictatorship follow evil. The reverse is likewise true that the best safeguard of liberty and free agency is righteous living. If this be so, then, of course, prudence requires that all who would be free and who would pass the blessings of liberty on to unborn generations should take great care to live worthily.

The Constitution, Bulwark of Liberty

Another way to safeguard liberty is to gain a proper appreciation and understanding of the institutions which insure liberty. For this reason, an understanding of the Constitution of the United States is important and worthwhile. In the lessons to follow we shall concern ourselves in some detail with a study of this great charter of liberty. We shall explore the background of the Constitution, that is to say, some of the fundamental facts of history which led up to it. The efforts made before its creation by the Founding Fathers to fashion a way to govern Americans are most important in understanding how it all

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came about. The concepts of liberty and justice which this document contains, its place in world history, and the influence which it has had upon the nations of the earth are essential to a proper appreciation of the Constitution—the greatest bulwark of freedom ever written by man. In short, one of the chief obligations of citizenship is to know and understand the Constitution in order to defend it better from attack by those who would destroy it and the precious liberties which it protects. Now is the time to be vigilant, to be armed with knowledge, and to wage a campaign to protect and safeguard it.

It is no myth that there are those abroad in the land who would subvert and destroy the Constitution. This struggle has been too well publicized for any to be ignorant of its existence. Let us resolve to do our part that liberty and justice shall continue to exist in this land, and that this land of liberty may be a beacon to buoy up and sustain the hopes of the oppressed the whole world over.

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Questions for Discussion

1. What is the earliest record of man's struggle for freedom?
2. Why is God concerned with the institutions of freedom?
3. In what way do men lose freedom?
4. Why is it important to have an understanding of the Constitution of the United States?

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On the narrow, new-cut tracks
Wagon wheels are turning.
They who led the westward tide
In their "Promised Land" abide.

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God gave these tiny blossoms
To brighten up the way,
And with them may his blessing
Strengthen you today.
May comfort, peace, and happiness
Be found in petals rare,
And health be yours, my children,
Is a mother's constant prayer.

Release from Fear

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They watched
While drought and heat
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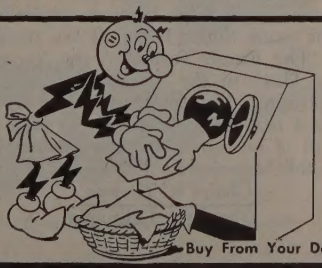

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From Near and Far

I have been delightfully impressed with the articles "Adventure in Glass" (series of eight articles published in 1952 and 1953, by Alberta H. Christensen). For many years I have been interested in old glass and am so pleased with the information given in these articles. It may interest you to know that I have one "Jewel and Teardrop" sauce dish (as pictured on page 113 of the May *Magazine*, 1952). I truly enjoy the *Magazine* and feel it is a "must" in my home.

—Ruth J. Kuhre
Cottonwood, Utah

I wish to express my appreciation for the excellent work of Ramona W. Cannon. Her article "The Coronation of a Beloved Queen" is well written and gives much authentic information. I always enjoy the "Woman's Sphere" page. In fact, I turn to this page first, and appreciate the wise selection of items.

—Ann P. Nibley
Salt Lake City, Utah

Early this year my *Relief Society Magazine* failed to arrive when I expected it, so I was afraid it had come one day while I was not at home. I began to do some investigating, but found that the *Magazine* was just a little late that month. I do like and enjoy every part of the *Magazine*, and it has been an inspiration to me many times. I like all the stories, but "The Family Reunion" (by Yvonne Child Hiss) in the March *Magazine*, is my favorite. My daughters and all of us enjoyed that story. I hope some time to see all of my seven daughters anxious to have the *Magazine* in their homes.

—Gladys B. Thomas
Pasadena, California

I cannot tell you how much I love the *Magazine*. I especially enjoy the poetry. The literature lessons this past year have been very inspiring as well as educational, as have all the other lessons.

—Mary A. Hackney
Kuna, Idaho

I want to express my appreciation for the splendid article "The Coronation of a Beloved Queen," (by Ramona W. Cannon, May 1953). The article is very comprehensive and, above all, so true. I particularly enjoyed it because my birthplace was England, and my early life was spent there, my education was received in the English schools, and it was there that the gospel found me.

—Esther L. Warburton
Evanston, Wyoming

The May *Magazine* has just arrived, and I find it very attractive. Ramona Cannon's article, "The Coronation of a Beloved Queen," is exceptionally fine.

—Blanche Kendall McKay
Salt Lake City, Utah

The serial story "A Time to Forget" (by Fay Tarlock, concluded in June 1953) is an excellent story of high literary quality and polish—a credit to any *Magazine*. This story exemplifies professional craftsmanship of a high order.

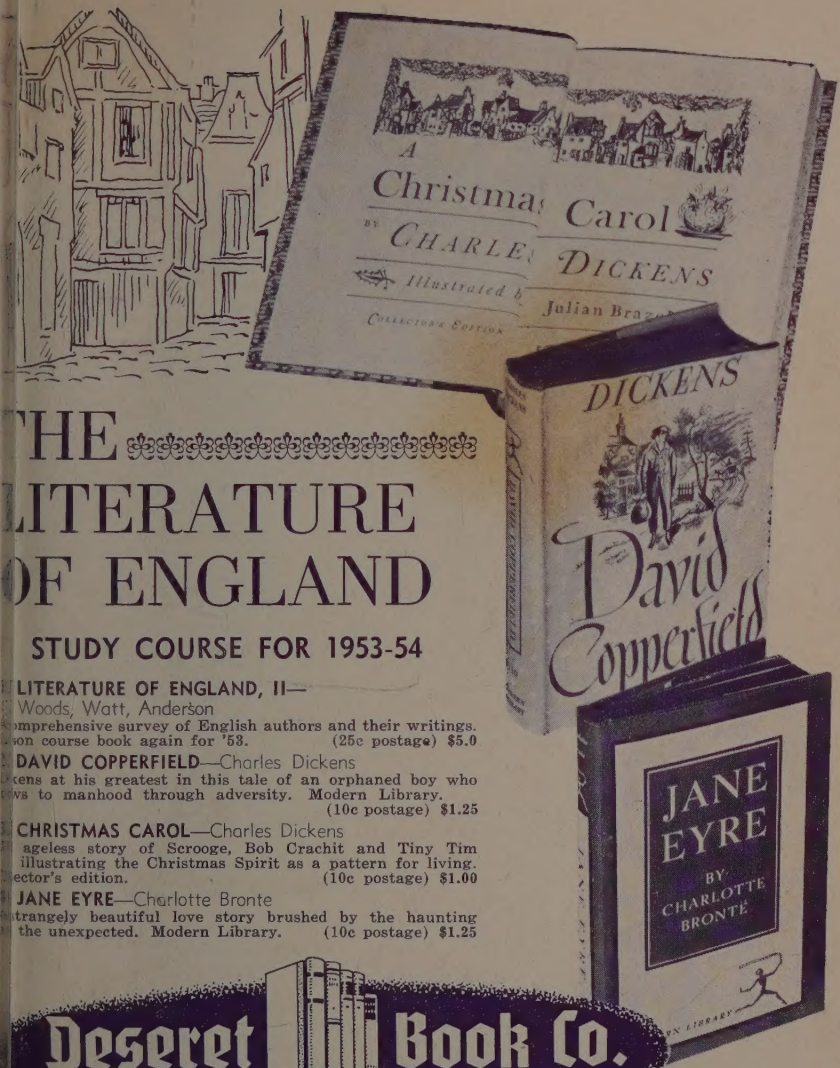
—Christie Lund Coles
Provo, Utah

In the course of my mission here in the land of England, I have had the opportunity to come into contact with the wonderful *Relief Society Magazine*. A number of articles which have appeared have helped us in our work over here. The *Magazine* and my contact with Relief Society here in the mission have increased my love for the work Relief Society is doing in helping to teach our beautiful gospel.

—Elder James L. Kimball, Jr.
Brighton, Sussex, England

I cannot tell you how much joy and happiness I continue to receive from the *Magazine*. This is my thirty-seventh year in Relief Society, and I appreciate all the *Magazine* has done for me. The lessons are enjoyed here, too.

—Geraldine S. Johnson
Stockholm, Sweden



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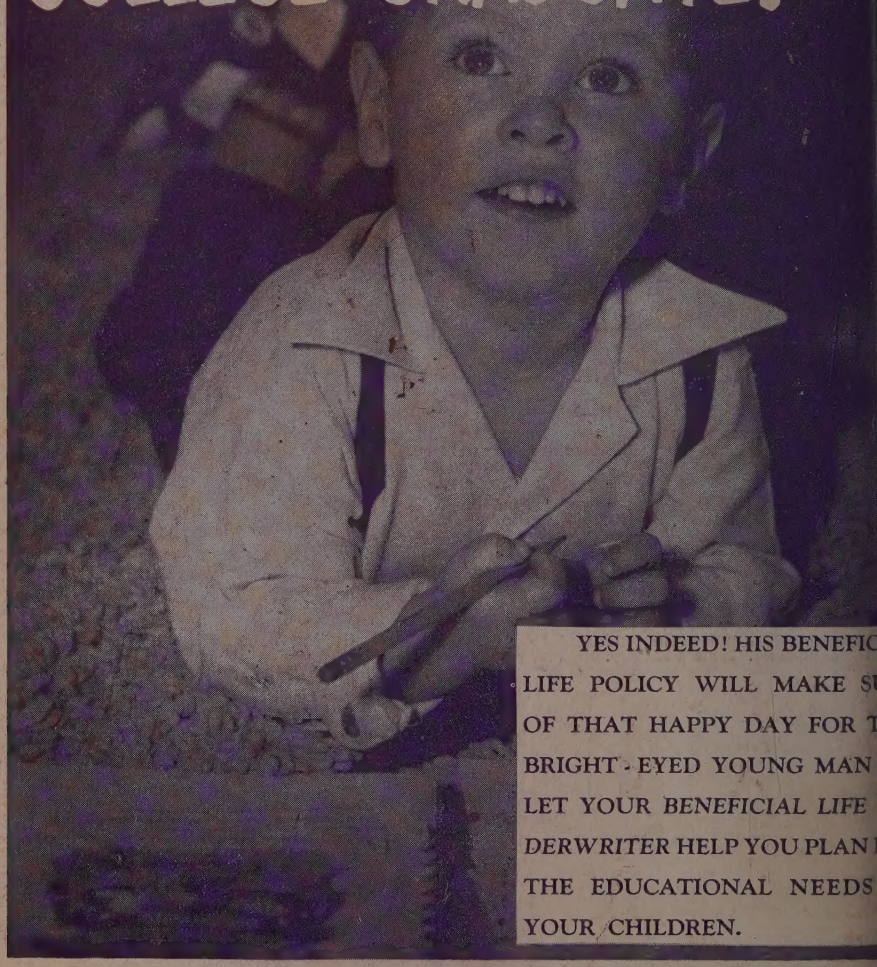

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